CYMBALUM MUNDI.

OR,

SATYRICAL DIALOGUES

Upon ſeveral Subjects,

BY

Bonaventure Des Perriers,

Valet-de-Chambre to

MARGARET DE VALOIS,
Queen of *Navarre.*

To which is prefix'd a

LETTER

Containing the

Hiſtory, Apology, &c. of that Work.

BY

PROSPER MARCHAND.

Done into *Engliſh* from the *French.*

LONDON:

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CYMBALUM MUNDI.

OR

SATYRICAL DIALOGUES

upon Several Subjects,

BY

DESIDERIUS ERASMUS ROTERODAMUS.

LONDON:

ADVERTISEMENT

Of the *French*

BOOKSELLER,

Who was the EDITOR.

THE *Cymbalum Mundi*, of which I give here a New Edition, is a Work known but to very few Perſons. Mr. *Bayle*, who hath made a pretty large Article upon it, in his *Hiſtorical and Critical Dictionary*, freely owns he had never ſeen it. Indeed, it is an extraordinary rare Book; and I know not of above two Copies of it, both at *Paris*; one in the King's Library, and another which was found among the Books of Meſſieurs *Bigot de Roüen*, ſold by publick Auction at *Paris* in 1706. This Copy is not ſpecify'd in its Place in the Catalogue of that Library, which I then drew up, becauſe it was bound in a Collection of Miſcellanies, where one could not expect to have ſeen it.

The Perſon into whoſe Hands it fell, expreſs'd ſo much Joy at the Diſcovery, and made ſuch a Noiſe at his good Fortune, which was beyond his Expectation, that he awaken'd the Curioſity of a great many People for that Work; and put them upon asking ſeveral Manuſcript Copies of it, which he the more willingly granted, that thereby the Rarity of his Original might riſe to the greater Value.

I was willing to ſee that Work, as well as others; and after Reading it in the Copy that belongs to the King's Library, which was lent me by one of my Friends, with whom it was entruſted, I was extremely ſurpriz'd to find it did in no wiſe anſwer the Character it had of being one of the moſt deteſtable and pernicious Writings, that had evet ſeen the Light; and that it was nothing leſs than a Book full of Atheiſm and Impiety; as almoſt all thoſe who ſpoke of it gave out.

This put me upon Reading them over again, in order to ſee what they founded their Accuſations upon. And after Examination, I perceiv'd they had no other Foundation but common Report; and I obſerv'd, that the Authors who related them, had almoſt all ſervilely copy'd one another, and that moſt of them had never ſeen the Work, as is own'd by ſome of them.

From

From theſe and ſome other Remarks, I compos'd the *Letter* which you will find immediately after the *Table*, that follows this *Advertiſement*; and in which I endeavour to juſtify this Book from an Accuſation, in my Opinion, moſt unjuſtly rais'd againſt it. I have publiſh'd it juſt as I then wrote it *, under the Name of *Felix de Commercy* †, under which Name I then conceal'd myſelf; and juſt as I gave it to be read by ſeveral Perſons, whoſe Taſte I was deſirous to conſult, excepting ſome Places, which I have corrected, and others that I have enlarged; as for Example, the Note (*b*) *Page* 7. where I cite Mr. *Placcius*, whoſe Book I had not ſeen till afterwards.

As to the *Cymbalum Mundi* itſelf, there remains nothing more to be ſaid, after what I have advanc'd in my Letter, but that I have caus'd it to be printed with all poſſible Exactneſs, from a Copy of the Original in the King's Library at *Paris*; and that it is a Piece a great deal leſs valuable for its own intrinſick Worth, than for the Reputation which the ſeveral Authors who have ſpoke of it, have given it.

* *In* October 1706.

† *I had then ſeveral Reaſons for thus diguiſing my Name; and I even deſigned, when I began this Edition, to hide myſelf ſtill under that Mask. But learning a little after, that ſome Perſons, with what Views I know not, did my Letter the Honour to aſcribe it to Mr.* De la Monnoye, *I thought fit to put my Name to it, that ſo he might not be charg'd with the Faults which might, perhaps, be found in it.*

I will freely own here, that I had ſome Difficulty before I could reſolve with myſelf to reprint this Work, fearing leſt the diſadvantageous Character which it hath hitherto lain under, might excite the falſe Zeal of thoſe againſt me, who will never recede from Opinions they have once embrac'd, however unreaſonable or groundleſs they be. But at laſt conſidering, that to truckle thus to the Weakneſs of ſuch as give up themſelves to vulgar Prejudice, would ſhew an Unconcernedneſs for good Senſe and Reaſon, and be a tacit Accuſing of all Men of having renounc'd their beſt and cleareſt Light; and beſides, being encourag'd by the Advice of wiſe and judicious Perſons, who convinced me, that it was not juſt, upon the Account of ſome weak People, to deprive abundance of reaſonable Men of the Benefit of this Work, who, doubtleſs, would be very glad to ſee it come abroad; determin'd, I ſay, by theſe Reflexions, I had no farther Scruple of making it publick.

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A

LETTER

Written to

Mr. *B*, *P*; *D*, and *G*.

Concerning a Book, entitled,

CYMBALUM MUNDI.

SIR,

I Acquit myſelf, with Pleaſure, of the Promiſe which I made you ſome Days ago, to ſend you my Thoughts of the *CYMBALUM MUNDI*. It is a ſmall Work, more Curious for the Character given of it by the Authors who have mention'd it, than valuable for its real Worth and for the Matter treated of in it. It cannot be denied, however, that it is very agreeably written, and very ingeniouſly compos'd, for the time in which it was made. Indeed, one may obſerve in it a fine and delicate Satyr, of which ſome Moderns have not diſdain'd to borrow ſeveral Strokes, without acquainting the Reader: And we ſee but few Works of that time, (*a*) written in ſo pure a Style, and with ſo much Art and Spirit; ſo true it is, that whatſoever comes from ingenious Perſons, in whatever Age, carries along with it a Character which diſtinguiſhes it from ordinary Performances. I ſend you, then, according to my Promiſe, the Remarks I have made on this little Book; and that I might do this in ſome Order, I have divided them into three Parts. In

(*a*) About the Year 1535.

the First, you will see the common Opinion concerning the *Cymbalum Mundi*, who is the Author of it; in what Language it was written; and the Editions that have been made of it. In the Second, I have taken the Pains to make you an *Analysis* of it, that so you might be able to make a Judgment of it yourself. And lastly, in the Third, I endeavour to vindicate it from the groundless Accusations, that have been fram'd against it; and after having examin'd what the different Authors say that have mention'd it, I will answer to what they advance on this Head.

I.

Almost every one that speaks of the *Cymbalum Mundi*, calls it a *detestable Book*, (*b*) *an impious Book*, (*c*) and *a Book that deserv'd to be thrown into the Fire with its Author*. (*d*)

This Opinion is so generally receiv'd, that it wou'd seem one cou'd not reasonably dissent from it. I shall not here examine, whether it is well or ill founded, and whether those who have spoke so disadvantageously of this Work, have grounded the Judgment they made of it, upon such Proofs, as one ought to have in an Affair of this Nature. We shall consider this in its proper Place. I shall only add here, that they have so decry'd it, that every body believes it is full of Libertinism and Atheism; and in one word, as pernicious as the famous Book, *De Tribus Impostoribus*, cou'd have been, if it had ever existed.

The Author of the *Cymbalum Mundi*, is *Bonaventure Des Perriers*, born at *Bar-sur-Aube*, in *Burgundy*, (*e*) *Valet de Chambre* to *Marguerite de Valois*, Queen of *Navarre*, and Sister to *Francis* I. (*f*)

(*b*) Henry Estienne, *Apol. pour Herodote, Edit. sur les Halles*, 1607. *in* 8. p. 249, & 332. La Croix du Maine, *Biblioth. Franc.* p. 36. Chassanion, *Histoires memorables des Punitions Etranges*, p. 170. The Copy of the Cymbalum Mundi, which is in the King's Library. Spizelii *Scrutinium Atheismi*, p. 56. & *Felix Literatus*, p. 124.

(*c*) La Croix du Maine, *Biblioth. Franc.* p. 36. Catherinot, *L' Art d'imprimer*, p. 8. Bayle, *Dict. Critiq. Edition de* 1702. p. 2380.

(*d*) Estienne Pasquier, *Lett. Tom.* I. *in* 8. p. 493.

(*e*) Or at *Ambrunois*, according to Allard, *Biblioth. de* Dauphine, p. 172.

(*f*) Henry Estienne, *Apol. pour Herodote*, p. 249, 332. La Croix du Maine, *Biblioth. Franc.*

We

We have ſome other Works of his, both in Proſe and Verſe, *viz. The* Andria *of* Terence *turn'd into Verſe, printed at* Lyons. (*g*)

The Song of Moſes (*tranſlated from the* French) *printed with the* Pſalms *of* John Poictevin. (*h*)

A Collection of his Works, printed at Lyons, *by* John de Tournes, *in* 1544. (*i*)

New Recreations, and many Dialogues, printed at Lyons, *by* Robert Granjou. *A* French *Letter in* 1558, *in* 8*vo. and at* Paris, *by* Galliot de Pré, *in* 1564, *in* 16. (*k*)

And *an Apology for* Marot, *againſt* Sagon, (*l*) *printed by* Peter de Ste Lucy. (*m*)

I find nothing concerning the Life of this Author, but that he died miſerably, and that he ran himſelf thro' the Body with a Sword. (*n*) It is not certain when this Accident happen'd. What we are pretty ſure of is, that he was alive in the Year 1539, as appears by a Relation which he wrote in Verſe, of a Journey the Court made from *Lyons* to *Nôtre-Dame* at *Liſle*, the 15th of *May* 1539; and that he was dead (*o*) in 1544, the firſt Day of *Auguſt*, when *Anthony du Moulin*,

p. 36. Antony du Verdier, *Biblioth. Franc.* p. 130. Est. Pasquier, *Lett. Tom.* I. p. 493. Catherinot, *L' Art d'imprimer*, p. 8. Bayle, *Dict. Critiq.* p. 2380. The Copy in the King's Library.

(*g*) La Croix du Maine, *Bibioth. Franc.* p. 36. Bayle, *Dict. Critiq.* p. 2380.

(*h*) Du Verdier, *Biblioth. Franc.* p. 131.

(*i*) Du Verdier, *Biblioth. Franc.* p. 131. where he makes an Enumeration of all the Pieces in that Collection. Bayle, *Dict. Critiq.* p. 2380. The Collection Mr. Bayle mentions, is in 8. It was publiſhed by Antony du Moulin, Perriers's Friend, to whom he dedicates ſome of his Pieces. Beſides his *French Poems*, there is in this Collection a Tranſlation of Plato's *Lyſis*, with ſome other Pieces in Proſe. It appears by the Advice to the Reader, join'd to this Collection, that after his Book was printed, ſeveral other of his Pieces were found, which were promiſed to be put into a ſecond Edition; but it is uncertain, whether they were ever printed.

(*k*) La Croix du Maine, *Biblioth. Franc.* p. 36. Du Verdier, *Biblioth. Franc.* p. 131. Bayle, *Dict. Critiq.* p. 2380. This is a Collection of Tales and Jeſts, which according to Pasquier, *Lett. Tom.* I. p. 493. is not leſs valuable than the *Latin* Jeſts of Pogius a *Florentine*. It hath been printed ſeveral times alſo at *Paris*, *Lyons*, *Rouen*, &c.

(*l*) Allard, *Biblioth. de* Dauphine, p. 172. Bayle, *Dict. Critiq.* p. 2380.

(*m*) Du Verdier, *Biblioth. Franc.* p. 131.

(*n*) Henry Estienne, *Apolog. pour Herodote*, p. 249, 332. La Croix du Maine, *Biblioth. Franc.* p. 37. Chassonion, *Hiſt. memor. des Punitions étranges*, p. 170. Catherinot, *L'Art d'imprimer*, p. 8. Bayle, *Dict. Critiq.* p. 2380. The Copy in the King's Library.

(*o*) A Collection of the Works of Bonaventure des Perriers, printed at *Lyons*, 1544. in 8*vo.* p. 52.

his Friend, dedicated to the Queen of *Navarre*, the *Collection of his Works*, which he printed at *Lyons*. (*p*)

'Tis very uncertain, whether the *Cymbalum Mundi* was compos'd in *Latin* or in *French*, by *Des Perriers*. Authors are not agreed on this Point; there are even ſome, (*q*) who contend that he was not the Author of it, and maintain that he only tranſlated it. (*r*)

All the Pains I have been at to find it in *Latin* have been fruitleſs; and of all thoſe to whom I mention'd it, I could find but one only who told me he had ſeen it, and that it was in his Poſſeſſion. But I very much ſuſpect his Teſtimony, for beſides that he who told me this, hath often impos'd upon me in ſuch like Caſes; a Friend of mine, whom I deſired to make him a Viſit, and urge him to ſhew him that Book, told me, he excus'd himſelf, by ſaying, *That the Manuſcript was ſo old, and ill written, that it was almoſt impoſſible to underſtand any thing of it.* This unlucky Diſappointment convinc'd me, that his boaſting of having that Book was altogether groundleſs; and, as I doubt not but this Letter will come to his Knowledge, it is his Intereſt to diſabuſe us, by giving this rare Treaſure to the Publick.

What we are ſure of is, that this Work is in *French* with the *Latin* Title of *Cymbalum Mundi*: Words, which *La Croix du Maine* hath turn'd thus into *French*, *Clochette du Monde*. (*s*)

It would be very hard to give a Reaſon, why the Author gave his Work this Title; and yet harder, why he put a *Latin* Title at the beginning of a *French* Book. Perhaps, the Author could not find Expreſſions ſtrong enough, to repreſent with all the Force he could have

(*p*) *Ibid.* The Epiſtle Dedicatory of Antony du Moulin to the Queen of *Navarre*, where he ſpeaks thus. *Implacable Death ſurprix'd him in the Courſe of his good Intention, when he was preparing and putting in order his Compoſitions, to preſent them to you in his Life-time.*

(*q*) La Croix du Maine ſays, he wrote it in *Latin*, and afterwards tranſlated it into *French*; *Biblioth. Franc.* p. 36. Ant. du Verdier ſays, he tranſlated it into *French*; *Biblioth. Franc.* p. 1177. Father Mersenne is of the ſame Opinion. *Queſt. in Geneſ.* p. 669. quoted by Voetius, *Diſput. Select. Tom.* I. p. 199.

(*r*) Mersenni *Quæſt. in Geneſ.* p. 669. Spizelii *Scrutinium Atheiſmi*, p. 56. & *Felix Literatus*, p. 124.

(*s*) La Croix du Maine, *Biblioth. Franc.* p. 37.

wiſh'd,

wiſh'd, that the Deſign of his Work was to laugh indifferently at all the World; and that he had recourſe to *Latin*, to expreſs by theſe Words, *Cymbalum Mundi*, what might be very well expreſs'd in *French* by *la Tympaniſation du Monde*, if one might ſpeak ſo.

This Title is follow'd by a kind of Preface, or Epiſtle Dedicatory, by *Thomas du Clevier*, to his Friend *Peter Tryocan*. This is a fictitious Name, under which the Author was willing to hide himſelf. He ſays in that Preface, *That he acquits himſelf of the Promiſe* he had made to his Friend, *of Tranſlating for him into* French *the ſmall Treatiſe, entitled*, Cymbalum Mundi, *containing four poetical Dialogues.* (*t*) This is poſitive, and ſeems to denote diſtinctly enough, that it is a Tranſlation. But in my Opinion, this might have been the Cunning of the Author, the better to diſguiſe himſelf, which is not without Example; and *the old Library of* I know not what Monaſtery, *near the City of* Dabas, (*u*) in which he ſays, he found this Work, makes me very apt to believe it.

After this, he tells his Friend how he had tranſlated this Work, informing him, that he had not tied himſelf to tranſlate ſervilely Word for Word, but that in place of the *Latin* Phraſes which were in the Original, he had ſubſtituted the Ways of Speaking that were us'd in his own time; and that he had follow'd the ſame Method, with reſpect to the *Songs* in the third Dialogue. *There were in the Text*, ſays he, (*u**) *certain Love-Songs in Lyrick Verſe, in lieu of which, I have rather choſen to put Songs of our own time.* Among theſe Songs, that which begins thus; *Pourtant que je ſuis jeunette*, &c. is, in all Likelihood, an Imitation, or if you will, a Parody of the 36th Song of *Clement Marot*, and in my Opinion, one might conjecture from hence with Probability enough, (*w*) that this is alſo a Precaution and Addreſs of the Author, to deceive his Readers; and that his Work is a *French* Compoſition

(*t*) The Preface of the *Cymbalum Mundi*.

(*u*) The Preface of the *Cymbalum Mundi*.

(*u**) *Ibid.*

(*w*) *Oeuvres de* CLEMENT MAROT, *La Haye*, 1702. *Tom.* I. p. 315.

Pourtant que je ſuis brunette,
Ami, n'en prenez eſmoy,
Autant ſuis ferme & jeunette,
Qu'une plus blanche que moy, &c.

posterior to the Productions of *Marot*. We can, at least, certainly prove, by the *Carquan de Pierreries de cens Nouvelles Nouvelles*, which is quoted in the third Dialogue of this Work, that it is very little older than this Poet. Indeed, the Quotation from the *Cens Nouvelles Nouvelles*, which did not appear in Publick, till the Year 1455, if we may believe the Preface of the second Edition, (*w**) is so far from convincing me of the *great Antiquity*, which the Work in which they are quoted pretends to, that it confirms me in my Opinion, that this is not only a new Work, but also that it was compos'd in *French*. (*x*) This is likewise supported by what the Author says in his *Preface to his Friend*. He enjoins him above all things, *not to communicate a Copy of his Work* to any Person whatever, *that so from hand to hand it might not at last fall into the Printers Hands*. (*x**) The reason he gives for this, is, that Printing is become too common, and that *what is printed is not so agreeable, and is less esteem'd than if it remain'd in simple Writing*. (*y*) A Precaution so extraordinary, and so unnatural to Authors, who are but too fond of publishing their Productions, does not a little confirm me in my Opinion, that this Work is a *French* Composition. For as I persuade myself, that his Request to his Friend was not in earnest, and doubt not but a too punctual Compliance on his Part would have mortify'd him extremely; so I am inclin'd to believe, that the Translation which he speaks of, is nothing else but an Artifice to dazzle his Readers, and put them upon guessing.

However this be, that Precaution did not hinder, but that his Book was printed, and that oftner than once. *La Croix du Maine* says, it was printed at *Paris* in 1537. (*y**) which is confirm'd by a Petition, (*z*) presented to the Chancellor by *John Morin*, Bookseller at *Paris*, who was imprison'd for printing this Book with his Name to it (of which more at length in the Sequel of

(*w**) *Cens Nouvelles Nouvelles*, Cologne, 1701. *Preface*.

(*x*) See the Title of *Cymbalum Mundi*, where it is said, that these are four very ancient Dialogues.

(*x**) The Preface of the *Cymbalum Mundi*.

(*y*) *Ibidem*.

(*y**) La Croix du Maine, *Biblioth. Franc.* p. 37.

(*z*) This Petition is said to be in Manuscript, written by the Hand of Mr. du Puis, at the end of the Copy of the *Cymbalum Mundi* in the King's Library.

this

this Letter:) And the Edition which I made uſe of, is the ſame which *Du Verdier* quotes in his *Biblioth. Franc.* p. 1177. It is a ſmall 8*vo*, printed in *Demigothick* Characters, at *Lyons*, in 1538. (*a*) with this Title.

CYMBALUM MUNDI,

En Francoys, contenant quatre Dialogues Poëtiques, fort Antiques, Joyeux & Facetieux. MDXXXIII.

At the end of the Book are theſe Words.

Fin du preſent Livre intitulé Cymbalum Mundi, *en Francoys, imprimé nouvellement à* Lyon *par* Benoiſt Bonyn, *Imprimeur, demourant au dit lieu, en la rue de* Paradis.

II.

The Body of this Work is made up of four Dialogues. In the firſt, (*b*) *Mercury* entruſted by the Gods, with divers Commiſſions, of which he makes an Enumeration, deſcends from Heaven to *Athens*, to get a Book bound for *Jupiter*. He is diſcover'd by two Men juſt going into the White-Coal Tavern. *Mercury*, whom they pretend not to know, comes up to them and joins them; who ſeeing him have a Bundle with him, they enter upon a Contrivance to ſteal it, ſaying it wou'd be a very glorious Thing for them to rob the Author of all Thefts. While the Drawer goes for Wine, *Mercury* ſlips out of the Company to ſteal ſomething in the Houſe. In the mean time, they untye his Bundle, out of which they take the Book which he brought from Heaven, and put another in its place. After having open'd it with Impatience, they find it by the following Title, to be the Book of Deſtiny.

(*a*) Mr. Placcius ſays, that the *Cymbalum Mundi* was alſo printed in the Year 1582, and cites for his Authority the *Scrutinium Atheiſmi* of Spizelius, p. 56. where however he ſays no ſuch thing. He is certainly miſtaken; for none of thoſe who ſpeak of this Book, make any mention of that Edition, of which beſides he neither tells the Place nor Form. See his *Theatrum Anonymorum & Pſeudonymorum*, p. 105. of the *Hamburg* Edition, in 1708, in *Folio*.

(*b*) *Cymbalum Mundi, Dialog.* I.

Quæ in hoc libro continentur:

Chronica rerum memorabilium quas Jupiter *geſſit antequam eſſet ipſe.*

Fatorum præſcriptum: ſive, eorum quæ futura ſunt, certæ diſpoſitiones.

Catalogus Heroum immortalium, qui cum Jove *vitam victuri ſunt ſempiternam.*

Mercury returning drinks with them; and is accus'd of Blaſphemy by them, for ſaying he thought the Wine as good as *Jupiter*'s *Nectar*. To juſtify himſelf, *Mercury* tells them he has drank of both; which incenſes them yet more. They drive him out of the Tavern, by threatning they would have him taken up, and giving him to underſtand, they had ſeen him ſteal ſomewhat. *Mercury* being afraid that the little ſilver Image which he had ſtole ſhou'd be found upon him, pays the Landlady, with whom he enters into a Diſpute, about a Favour he is williug to do her, and which ſhe refuſes; after which, he departs, with a Reſolution to blot the Names of the two *Athenians* out of *Jupiter*'s Book, and threatning within himſelf to prevail with *Charon*, to make them wait three thouſand Years upon the Bank of the River *Acheron*. The two *Athenians* are very well pleas'd with his Departure, and with the Book they ſtole from him; and they argue between themſelves, about the Puniſhment that *Jupiter* might inflict for ſuch a Theft.

The ſecond Dialogue is a Ridicule of the *Chymiſts*, that is, of thoſe who are in ſearch of the *Philoſopher's-Stone*. (c) *Mercury* being inform'd by *Trygæus* concerning the Employment of the Philoſophers, from the Day he was importun'd by them to give them this ſame *Philoſopher's-Stone*, which he had ſhown them, and which he had broke in Pieces, and thrown into the Sand on the Theatre, makes himſelf very merry with him upon it, under the Figure of an old Man. They enter into Diſcourſe with the Philoſophers upon the pretended Parts of the Stone which they imagin'd they had found, and upon the Virtues they aſcribe to them. After having banter'd them a long time for their Credulity, he de-

(c) *Cymbalum Mundi, Dialog.* II.

parts

parts, and leaves them in their Employment and Error.

In the third Dialogue, (*d*) *Mercury* diſcovering that the Book of Deſtiny was ſtoln from him, deſcends again from Heaven to *Athens*, to have it cried. He wonders that *Jupiter* does not deſtroy the World by Thunder, for this Theft, ſince it deſerv'd it better than it did the Deluge, which he ſent upon it in the Days of *Lycaon*: Mortals having not only ſtoln his Book, but alſo, as if it had been to make a Jeſt of him, put another in its Place, in which were contain'd all his Amours, and all his Tricks of Youth. He examins next the divers Commiſſions that were given him, and ſeeing *Cupid* paſs by, he enters into Diſcourſe with him; and asks him, if he had heard any News of *Jupiter*'s Book. *Cupid* informs him, that it is in the Hands of two merry Blades, who tell Fortunes out of it, and divine what is to come, as well as ever *Tereſias* did. After this, *Mercury* being deſirous to carry ſome News to Heaven, and having none to carry thither, makes a Horſe ſpeak, who upbraids his Keeper, in the Preſence of a great many People, with his Cruelty, Covetouſneſs, and Negligence.

The fourth Dialogue is betwixt two Dogs: (*e*) Theſe Dogs, which formerly belong'd to *Actæon*, having eat his Tongue, when he was metamorphos'd by *Diana* into a Stag, thereby obtain'd the Faculty of Speech. They diſcourſe concerning divers Things, and particularly concerning the Difference between a publick and private Life, and of the fooliſh Curioſity of Men, for new and extraordinary Things.

III.

This is an Abridgment of all that the *Cymbalum Mundi* contains; and I declare that I cannot diſcover, in any wiſe, that *Impiety* and *Atheiſm*, for which *it ought to be caſt into the Fire with its Author.*

I know not upon what Foundation ſo odious an Accuſation could have been form'd againſt this Book. It is not at all likely, that it was becauſe he treated *Fable* in it with pretty much Freedom: For by the ſame

(*d*) *Cymbalum Mundi, Dialog.* III.
(*e*) *Cymbalum Mundi, Dialog.* IV.

Reaſon,

Reaſon, of all the Authors who have written after the ſame manner, there would not be one exempt from the ſame Crime; and yet that is what never enter'd into any one's Imagination, no Man, for Example, ever took it into his Head to accuſe the *Gigantomachy* of *Scarron* of Impiety, tho' he there makes the Gods talk in *Billingſgate* Language (*f*). *Sorel* never paſs'd for an Atheiſt, altho' he is Author of the *Berger Extravagant*, (*g*) in which he turns all Fable, and all the *Pagan* Divinities into Ridicule. And to this Day, the *Comedies* acted on the *Italian Theater* at *Paris*, were never condemn'd to the Fire; in moſt of which, whatever appears moſt venerable in the *Pagan* Theology, is expos'd to the Laughter of all the World; and in which *Jupiter* himſelf is treated with the laſt Contempt. (*h*) Moreover, if after the Authors I have mention'd, it is allowable for me here to cite the *Fathers of the Church*, will not they be liable to the ſame Reproaches? They who abandon'd themſelves, on almoſt all Occaſions, without any Reſerve, to the Vehemence and Impetuoſity of their Zeal, have raillied all the Divinities of *Paganiſm* ſo unmercifully, and who have treated all the Fable of the Ancients after ſo cruel and unmerciful a manner.

I ſee but one Pretence to which one can have recourſe for decrying this Book in ſo violent a Strain; that is to ſay, that under the Veil of the *Pagan* Divinities, the Author endeavours abſolutely to annihilate the firſt Being, and to turn into Ridicule whatever is believ'd in Religion; and this is the Opinion of Father *Merſennus*, a *Minime*, in his *Queſtions upon Geneſis*, (*i*) where

(*f*) *Oeuvres de* SCARRON, *Edition d'Amſterdam*, in 1704. *Tom.* II. p. 5. &c.

(*g*) CHARLES SOREL compos'd his *Berger Extravagant*, only to turn the People of his time from the reading of *Romances*, to which they were very much addicted, and which produc'd very bad Effects. For this reaſon, in ſome Editions, it is entituled, *L' Anti-Roman*. The Place where Fable is leaſt ſpar'd in this Work, is a Piece of the firſt Volume, entituled, *Le Banquet des Dieux*, where there is a great deal of Spirit. The ſecond Volume of this Work is much inferior to the firſt.

(*h*) There are in the *Theatrum Italium* ſome Pieces; among others, the *Mercure-Galant*, Phaëton, *Les Souhaits*, &c. in which all the *Pagan* Divinities are burleſqu'd in the moſt outrageous manner. Beſides, there is ſcarce a Piece in the whole Collection, where they don't meet with ſome Strokes of Satyr, *en paſſant*.

(*i*) MERSENNI *Quæſt. in Geneſ.* p. 669. cited by VOSSIUS in *Diſp. Select. Tom.* I. p. 199. See afterwards Note *e*, *p.* 17.

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he ſpeaks of this Work. But this is a general Accuſation, which vaniſhes of itſelf. For, beſides that he produces no clear and convincing Proof of this, 'tis, in my Opinion, very unjuſt, and directly ſtrikes againſt the Principle of Charity, to interpret things in a bad Senſe, which of themſelves are no-wiſe bad. In effect, how does any one know, that the Author intended to ſpeak againſt the Deity? What can one find in his Book, that will prove an Accuſation of ſuch a Conſequence? And in fine, what are the Reaſons made uſe of to convince us of it? Is it not more equitable, to put a good Conſtruction on what an Author ſays, when his Words are capable of a good Senſe? Is it not more reaſonable, to receive it in its natural Senſe, which firſt offers itſelf to the Mind, than to give myſterious and forc'd Interpretations of it, which, in all Probability, he never thought of? There is nothing more falſe, nor more unjuſt, than this Principle: And, I repeat it again; if it were follow'd in examining the Works of the *Fathers of the Church*, who undertake the Defence of Chriſtianity againſt the Pagans, I am pretty ſure, that there is not one of them, that might not be explain'd after the ſame manner, and where under the Names of *Jupiter* and *Mercury*, one ſhould not find the moſt horrible and moſt deteſtable Impieties. And indeed, the Pagans made this Judgment of them. They treated their Authors as *Impious*, *Atheiſtical*, and *Enemies of All Religion*; and thoſe Treatiſes which we look upon at this Day, if not as perfect Demonſtrations, yet at leaſt, as excellent Apologies for the Chriſtian Religion, were look'd upon by the Pagans, who judg'd by this Rule, as moſt dangerous Books, and as Works full of Atheiſm and Impiety.

It will doubtleſs be objected to me, That the Author of this Book died miſerably, running himſelf thro' the Body with a Sword. This is a Thing I muſt grant upon the Teſtimony of thoſe that relate it, altho' there is Ground to ſuſpend one's Judgment in this Caſe, and not believe too haſtily. *Anthony du Moulin*, who was the intimate Friend of *Bonaventure des Perriers*, and who undertook the Care of getting his Works printed after his Death, does not ſpeak ſo of his End, in his Epiſtle Dedicatory before that Collection to the

Queen

Queen of *Navarre*. He only ſays, That *implacable Death had ſurpriz'd him in the Courſe of his good Intention, juſt as he was making ready, and putting in Order his Compoſitions, with a Deſign to preſent them to her in his Life-time.* (*k*) It might be conjectur'd from hence, that *Des Perriers* could not have died in the manner that is alledg'd; but I ſhall enter no farther into this Matter, thinking it ſufficient to ſay, That ſuppoſing he had had ſuch a Fate, yet that concludes nothing for the Impiety of his Work. In effect, How can it be the better or the worſe for that? 'Tis a very pleaſant way of thinking, to pretend that a Man's Death can influence his paſt Actions. But, without dwelling on this, Have all Atheiſts died an unhappy Death by an indiſpenſable Neceſſity? And do none but impious Perſons end their Lives in a miſerable and tragical Manner?

It is not my Buſineſs in this Place to undertake the Apology of *Des Perriers*, tho' one might draw from his Works, (among which there are ſeveral Pieces of Piety) (*l*) ſome Things apt to prejudice one in Favour of his Memory, ſufficient to counterbalance the Accuſation form'd againſt him. Perhaps, he was *an arrand Villain for Impiety*, as Father *Merſennus* ſays; (*m*) *an Atheiſt, and unworthy the Name of a Man*, as Mr. *De L' Etoile* ſays; (*n*) and *deſerv'd to be caſt into the Fire*, as *Paſquier* ſays (*o*); this is what I have no Aſſurance of. But I maintain, that it cannot be prov'd from his Book. All thoſe who ſpeak of it, as an *impious and deteſtable* Work, ſpeak ſo only, becauſe they had never ſeen it, as moſt of them own. Never a one of them gives any Reaſon for his ſo judging; and what they all ſay in this Matter, is only founded on common Report. This is eaſily ſhown, by examining them all in their Order.

(*k*) *Oeuvres* DES PERRIERS, *Epiſt. Dedic. a la Reyne de Navarre.*

(*l*) A Tranſlation in *French* Verſe of the BLESSED VIRGIN's Song, of that of old SIMEON; and of the Proſe of *Victima Paſchalis*, &c. *Oeuvres* DES PERRIERS, p. 90, 91, 87. See *La Biblioth.* DU VERDIER, p. 381.

(*m*) *Impiiſſimus Nebulo.* MERSENNI *Quæſt. in Geneſ.* p. 669. quoted by VOETIUS *Diſput. Select. Tom.* I. p. 199. BAYLE *Diction. Critiq.* p. 2387.

(*n*) The Copy in the King's Library.

(*o*) PASQUIER *Lett. Tom.* I, p. 493.

1. The

I. The first Author that speaks of *Bonaventure des Perriers*, and of his *Cymbalum Mundi*, is *Harry Stephens*. See what he says of him in his Treatise, entitled, *An Introduction to the Treatise concerning the Conformity of Ancient Miracles with the Modern; or a Preparative Treatise to the Apology for* Herodotus. *Edit. sur les Halles*, in 1607. in 8*vo*. *P.* 249. *Chap.* XVIII. where he treates of *Murderers, and such as made themselves away.*

I will not forget, says he, *Bonaventure des Perriers, Author of the detestable Book, entitled*, Cymbalum Mundi, *who, notwithstanding the Care that was taken to watch him (because he was observ'd to be desperate, and studying to destroy himself) was found run thro' with his own Sword, upon which he had faln, the Pommel of which resting on the Ground, and the Point piercing thro' his Stomach, went out at his Back-bone.* He repeats this a little after in the same Terms, *Page* 332. *Chap.* XXVI. where he speaks of *strange Punishments.*

Harry Stephens does not speak here of the *Cymbalum Mundi* on Purpose. 'Tis evident, that his Design is only to relate the unhappy Death of *Des Perriers*, as a memorable Example of a tragical End; which is very suitable to his Principal Subject, which is *concerning such as made themselves away.* But he speaks of his Work only *en passant.* It will doubtless be objected, however, that he calls it a *Detestable Book.* I own it, and it is for this Reason, I judge, that he had never seen it. For otherwise, he had certainly done it more Justice; especially, since the Book in which he speaks of it, contains more unpardonable Things, than are in the *Cymbalum Mundi.*

But I know not for what Reason Mr. *Bayle*, after having said, That *he finds the Protestants are not less enraged at the* Cymbalum Mundi, *than the Roman-Catholicks*, quotes for this *La Croix du Maine*, and *Harry Stephens.* (*p*)

La Croix du Maine was certainly no Protestant, as is easy to be observ'd in several Places of his *Biblio-*

(*p*) Bayle, *Diction. Critiq.* p. 2381.

theque,

theque. (*q*) And the Teſtimony of *Harry Stephens* alone is not ſufficient to ſpeak ſo generally of the Diſpleaſure of the Proteſtants againſt that Book.

II. *Francis Grudé*, Sieur *de la Croix du Maine*, Author of a *Bibliotheque* of *French* Writers, ſpeaks of *Bonaventure des Perriers* thus: *He is Author*, ſays he, (*r*) *of a deteſtable Book, full of Impiety, entitled*, Cymbalum Mundi, *or* Bell of the World, *written firſt in* Latin *by the ſaid* Des Perriers, *and afterwards tranſlated by him into* French, *under the Name of* Thomas du Clevier, *printed at* Paris *in the Year* 1537.

I know not whether the *Cymbalum Mundi* was printed at *Paris* in 1537, as *La Croix du Maine* inſinuates; but there is reaſon to believe, he had never ſeen it, more than *Harry Stephens*, ſince he gives us no Particulars of this Book, more than he, nor points out to us any of thoſe Impieties which he alledges it is full of.

I am rather inclin'd to believe, that he ſpoke of it only upon common Report, when I conſider how often he is miſtaken in other things with reſpect to *Des Perriers*. He very unjuſtly robs him of the *Nouvelles Recreations*, to give them to *James Pelletier* and *Nicolas Deniſot*, (*s*). *Paſquier* confutes this in his Letters, where he relates, that *he was one of* Pelletier's *greateſt Friends, who truſted his moſt ſecret Thoughts to him. I know*, continues he, *what Books he told me he had compos'd. He never ſpoke to me of this. He was truly a Poet, and very jealous of his Name; and I can aſſure you, that he would never have hid it from me.* (*t*)

If *La Croix du Maine* was thus miſtaken about the *Recreations* of *Des Perriers*, a Book common at that time, and printed in ſeveral Places, 'tis no wonder that he was out in ſpeaking by common Report of the *Cymbalum Mundi*, which was a rare Book, and known but to very few. And ſo, his Teſtimony concerning the Impiety of this Work ought to be of no great Weight.

(*q*) And among others in this, ſpeaking of JOHN MORET, Bookſeller at *Paris*, he ſays, that *he was burnt at* Paris *for his Hereſy*, *Biblioth. Franc.* p. 251. Which a Proteſtant, be ſure, would have expreſs'd after another manner.

(*r*) *Biblioth. Franc.* p. 36, 37.

(*s*) *Biblioth. Franc.* p. 36.

(*t*) PASQUIER, *Lett. Tom.* I. p. 493.

III. The

III. The third Author who hath mention'd the *Cymbalum Mundi*, is *Antony du Verdier*, Sieur *de Vauprivas*, Author of a *French Bibliotheque*, as well as *La Croix du Maine*, and known in the Commonwealth of Letters by ſeveral other Works which he publiſh'd.

This muſt be ſaid in his Praiſe, that he ſpeaks of it after having read it; that he is the Perſon who hath ſpoke of it with moſt Judgment; and that he alone hath done it Juſtice. After having exactly related the Title of it, together with the Place where it was printed, and the Name of the Printer, he explains himſelf thus. *I found nothing*, ſays he, (*u*) *in that Book, which deſerves to be cenſur'd more than* Ovid's *Metamorphoſes*, Lucian's *Dialogues, and other Books on wanton and fabulous Subjects.* Then he makes a ſort of an Analyſis of it, which is too long to be inſerted here. You may ſee it in the Author himſelf, or in Mr. *Bayle's Critical Dictionary*, who had not ſeen the *Cymbalum Mundi*, when he publiſh'd the 2d Edition of his *Dictionary*, (*w*) and who has inſerted that Analyſis, (*x*) at the end of which he ſays, *that* Du Verdier *found no Poiſon in that Work.* (*y*)

'Tis ſurprizing, that after ſuch an Acknowledgment, that illuſtrious Critick was not more equitable, with reſpect to *Des Perriers*, and that he put him in the Rank of thoſe *who made no Difficulty to pleaſe their Satyrical Humour, at the Expence of Truth.* (*z*)

IV. At the ſame time that *Du Verdier* did juſtice thus to *Des Perriers*, *John Chaſſanion*, a Proteſtant of *Moniſtrol* in *Velay*, treated him with leſs Equity. *This unhappy* Bonaventure des Perriers, ſays he, (*a*) *Author of a deteſtable Book, entituled,* Cymbalum Mundi, *where he openly laughs at God, and all Religion, at laſt fell into Deſpair, and kill'd himſelf, notwithſtanding he was diligently watch'd.* 'Tis thus that he ſpeaks of him, in his Book, entituled, *Memorable Relations of great and won-*

(*u*) Du Verdier, *Biblioth. Franc.* p. 1177.
(*w*) *Diction. Critiq. Edit. de* 1702. p. 2380.
(*x*) *Ibidem*, p. 2381.
(*y*) *Ibidem*, p. 2381.
(*z*) *Diction. Critiq.* p. 2381.
(*a*) *Hiſt. memor.* De Chassanion, p. 179.

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derful Judgments and Puniſhments of God, falling out in the World, chiefly on great Perſonages, becauſe of their bad Practices contradicting the Commands of the Law of God. This Book is dedicated to *John Caſimir*, Count *Palatine*, Duke of *Bavaria*, and printed at *Geneva*, for *John le Preux*, in 1586, in 8vo.

There is no need of any great Study to find that *Chaſſanion* is only the Copier of *Harry Stephens*; and I deſire no more to prove, that he never ſaw the *Cymbalum Mundi*, than his own Words, when he ſays, that the Author of it openly *laughs at God, and all Religion.* (*b*)

V. After him I put *Stephen Paſquier*, Author of *Recherches de la France.* He ſays only two Words concerning the *Cymbalum Mundi. Du Perrier*, ſays he, *likewiſe compos'd another Book, entituled*, Cymbalum Mundi, *which is written after the manner of* Lucian, *and deſerves to be thrown into the Fire with its Author, if he was alive.* (*c*)

Paſquier was a Perſon of too much Judgment, to ſpeak ſo of that Book, if he had known what it contain'd. He had not been ſo very angry, but only becauſe, upon the Faith of another, he believ'd it was full of Impiety; and his Zeal had been very laudable, if it had not been too furious. But if he had read it, I don't doubt, but that he would have alter'd his Opinion; and that in favour of the Work, he would have given Quarter to the Author; eſpecially, ſince he was ſo very well pleas'd with his *Nouvelles Recreations*, which, in my Judgment, are not by a great deal ſo innocent as his *Cymbalum Mundi.*

VI. Father *Marinus Merſennus*, a *Minime*, takes another Method than the Authors, whoſe Sentiments I have mention'd, to accuſe the *Cymbalum Mundi* of Atheiſm.

Bonaventure de Perez, (*d*) ſays he, *was a Monſter, and a Villain of conſummate Wickedneſs, when a great*

(*b*) CHASSANION, *Hiſt. memor. &c.* p. 170.

(*c*) EST. PASQUIER, *Letres, Tom.* I. p. 493.

(*d*) If he is miſtaken, he would have ſaid DES PERRIERS.

many

many affirm to have been an Atheiſt, who liv'd a very debauch'd Life, and died a miſerable Death. He was not Author of the Cymbalum Mundi, *but only tranſlated it into* French, *and ſo publiſh'd it in* 1538. *That Book conſiſts of four Dialogues, and contains divers Fables of* Jupiter, Mercury, *&c. under the Veil of which he ſeems to deſign a Burleſque upon the Catholick Faith, and to reject whatever is moſt certainly aſſerted and believ'd concerning the Deity.* (e)

(e) MARINI MERSENNI *Quæſt. in Geneſim*, p. 669. quoted by GISBERT VOETIUS, *Diſputat. Select. Tom.* I. p. 199. *Diſputatione de Atheiſmo.* BONAVENTURA DE PERES, *monſtrum, & impiiſſimus nebulo, quem plurimi Atheum fuiſſe aſſerunt, atque in vitâ fniſſe impuriſſimum, & morte periiſſe, non fuit Autor* Cymbali Mundi; *ſed in Gallicum illud tranſtulit, & ſic edidit anno* 1538. *Ille liber conſtat quatuor Dialogis, & plurimas fabulas de* JOVE, MERCURIO, *&c. complectitur, per quas fidem Catholicam irridere, & ea quæ de Deo veriſſima eſſe dicimus & credimus, rejicere velle videtur.*

This Paſſage, as well as all that Father MERSENNUS hath ſaid of the *Cymbalum Mundi*, is not now to be met with in moſt of the Copies of his Work. We read in the Letters C. and A. of the Index to it, theſe Words; *Cymbalum Mundi, Athei Bonaventuræ Cymbalum Mundi*, referring us to the 669th Column; but this Reference is falſe. There is neither in this Column, nor the following, any thing of what the Index promiſes.

After having in vain turn'd over ſeveral Copies of that Work, and even that of the King's Library at *Paris*, which I expected to have found more exact than others, I at laſt diſcover'd, that this Defect was occaſion'd by putting two new Leaves in that Place. Father MERSENNUS was there enumerating the Atheiſts of his Time; he ſpoke of their different Works; and he related their Opinions and Doctrines; which is evident from theſe Words in his *Index: Athei plurimi enumerantur*, 670, 671. *Athei in Galliâ, Germaniâ, Scotiâ, Poloniâ*, &c. 673. *Atheorum Dogmata horrenda*, 673. and from many other Places which refer you in vain to the Body of the Book.

'Tis likely, that when this Book was publiſh'd, they were afraid that theſe Places might be of dangerous Conſequence; and it is very probable, that this was the reaſon of obliging him to retract them, and put two new Leaves in their Place, that is from Column 669, to Column 676 incluſively. Mr. VOETIUS, who gives us in ſubſtance, the Opinion, and even ſome of the Terms of Father MERSENNUS, had made uſe of a Copy, where theſe new Leaves were not inſerted, and in which nothing was retracted. But all the Authors who have quoted it ſince, and even Mr. BAYLE, who always quotes with much Exactneſs, have done it only upon Truſt, without conſulting the Work itſelf; for otherwiſe they would have perceiv'd, that what they quoted was not in Father MERSENNUS, and certainly they would have acquainted the Reader with it. In the mean time, we muſt except SPIZELIUS, who in a ſmall Advertiſement, which he hath put at the end of his *Scrutinium Atheiſmi*, ſays of Father MERSENNUS his Commentary on *Geneſis*, that there is a great deal chang'd in it, from Column 669, to 674, and that things which he calls *notatu digniſſima* are retrench'd. *Quo fine*, ſays he, *quo item autore, cuilibet prudentiori judicandum relinquo.*

I have already anſwer'd this Accuſation above; and Mr. *Voetius* anſwer'd it yet better, by ſaying, *that one may very well laugh at Religion under the Veil of Fable, the better to find a Subterfuge and Evaſion*; but he alſo ſays, *that it may be alledged, that thoſe who make ſuch Conſtructions are Calumniators.* (*f*)

Indeed, it is in vain to have recourſe to that Diſtinction, ſince thoſe who are accus'd, are always at Liberty to ſay, that they had no other Intention, but to make themſelves merry with the Heathen Fable and Divinity, (*g*). From whence I conclude, that whatever might have been *Des Perriers*'s ſecret Deſign in Compoſing this Work; and that even ſuppoſing his hidden Deſign therein had been directly to attack the firſt Being, and laugh at all Religion; nevertheleſs, he cannot reaſonably be accus'd of Looſeneſs and Atheiſm, ſince 'tis evident, that there is nothing in his Book that can be made uſe of, I do not ſay to juſtify, but even to give Colour to ſuch an Accuſation; and that on the contrary, whatſoever is contain'd therein is ſo neceſſarily capable of a good Turn, that it cannot abſolutely be taken in a bad Senſe, unleſs it be wreſted, and have extreme Violence done it (*h*).

VII. The Copy of the *Cymbalum Mundi*, which I made uſe of, is that of the King's Library, lent me

(*f*) Gisbert Voetii *Diſputat. Select. Tom.* I. p. 199. Bayle, *Dict. Critiq.* p. 2381.

(*g*) Gisbert Voetii *Diſputat. Select. Tom.* I. p. 199, 200. *Si quis pius metuat eos* (Authores) *Myſterium Trinitatis, & Redemptionis noſtræ per ſanguinem Chriſti, velle deridendum proponere, quomodo hoc evincit, cum promptum ſit ſemper effugium, rideri tantum Fabulas Gentiliũm.*

(*h*) It is not ſo with a wicked Libel againſt the laſt Adverſaries of Mr. Bayle, and particularly againſt Mr. Le Clerc, which came out in 1709, under the Title of *Moliere le Critique, & Mercure aux priſes avec les Philoſophes.* 'Tis an allegorical Satyr, under the Names of the Gods, the worſt contriv'd in the World, and in which there is neither Art nor Genius. The Author hath ſet down ſeveral Thoughts, which can hardly be juſtified from Impiety, and this among others. Jupiter, *by an Effect of his Mercy, ſent his Son, and by his Death ſav'd a great Number of Men from eternal Death*, p. 25, 45, &c. However, I will be very far from accuſing him of Impiety, and only content myſelf with charging him with Imprudence, becauſe not underſtanding how to keep up the Character of Allegory, which he made choice of, his Expreſſions became criminal, without his perceiving it; and beyond Compariſon a great deal more criminal, than thoſe of the *Cymbalum Mundi*, whoſe Author hath given no handle to blame him for the manner of his Expreſſion.

by

by a Friend, who was entruſted with it. That Copy, which was printed at *Lyons* in 1538, did belong to Mr. *De l'Etoile*. I cannot tell if it was he who belong'd to the *French* Academy, and who has left us the *Intrigue des Filoux*. However that be, this Mr. *De l'Etoile* wrote his Name in red Characters on the firſt Page of that Book, with this Note, *Bonaventure des Perriers, a wicked Fellow, and an Atheiſt, as appears by this deteſtable Book.*

If he who put this Note to the Book, did it after reading it, he muſt have had a very penetrating Wit, and a very peculiar Talent at diſcovering Atheiſts; for this does not *appear*, as he ſays, by Reading of the Book. Below that Note there is a ſecond, which is this; *As was his Life, ſo was his End; manifeſt by the Death of this Wretch, unworthy the Name of a Man.* And as if that was not enough to ſtigmatize the Author, theſe Words alſo are written in red Letters above the firſt Dialogue: *Dixit inſipiens in corde ſuo: non eſt Deus. The Fool hath ſaid in his Heart, there is no God.* Which agrees juſt as well with this Book, as the Tree, which an ignorant Painter plac'd in the middle of the Sea, agreed with the Shipwreck of *Simonides*, which he endeavour'd to repreſent (*i*).

VIII. *Theophilus Spizelius*, an Author very well known in the Commonwealth of Letters, by the many Works he hath publiſh'd, hath alſo mention'd the *Cymbalum Mundi*, which he calls a *very wicked and execrable Book.*

He gives his Opinion of it, in his *Scrutinium Atheiſmi*, printed at *Ausburgh* in 1663. in *Octavo*, in the following Words: *That moſt villanous* Cymbalum Mundi, ſays he, (*k*) *was firſt written in* Latin, and then tranſlated into *French* by *Bonaventure des Perez*, who (as *Merſennus* teſtifies) *was reckon'd an Atheiſt by a great many. That Book conſiſts of Four Dialogues; in the Firſt of which are brought in* Mercury, Byrphanes, Curtalius, *and the* Hoſteſs; *In the Second*, Trigabus, Mercury, Rhetulus, Cubercus, *and* Drarig. *In the Third*, Mercury, Cupid,

(*i*) Phædri *Fabul.*

(*k*) Spizelii *Scrutinium Atheiſmi Ætiologicum, Auguſt. Vind. Jo. Prætor.* 1663. p. 56. *in* 8vo.

Celia, Phlegon, Statius, *and* Ardelius. *And in the Fourth, two Dogs talking together,* Hylactor *and* Pamphagus. *In these Dialogues, the Author brings in several Fables of* Jupiter, Mercury, *&c.* under the Veil of which he seems to burlesque the Christian Faith (*l*), and to reject whatever is most certainly asserted and believ'd concerning God. *For which Reason, somebody hath written these Words at the Beginning of hat Book :* Dixit insipiens in corde suo : non est Deus.

He repeats this in almost the same Words in his *Felix Literatus*, (*m*) where he speaks thus. *Moreover, the execrable* Cymbalum Mundi, *which was first written in* Latin, *and afterwards translated into* French, *by* Bonaventure des Perriers, *consisting of four Dialogues, the Subject-Matter of which we have represented elsewhere*, (*n*).

Since *Spizelius* forms no new Accusation in this whole Discourse against the *Cymbalum Mundi*, of which he advances no Particular, which he hath not borrow'd from Father *Mersennus* his Commentary, whose Opinion he seems entirely to follow ; I have no particular Answer to make him ; what I have made to that Father, in the sixth Article of this third Part, serving for both.

IX. Those who bestow'd their Labour in enlarging the *Historical Dictionary*, that goes under *Morery*'s Name, at the Word *Des Perriers*, only copy what *La Croix du Maine* had said before them ; and so we have nothing to answer to them.

X. Mr. *Nicolas Catherinot*, Counsellor to the Court of Justice at *Bourges*, in a small Treatise, entitled, *L'Art d'imprimer, the Art of Printing*, publish'd at *Bourges* in 1685. in 4*to*, recounting the Advantages and Disadvantages of Printing, speaks thus of the *Cymbalum Mundi*, p. 8. *But*, says he, *the Abuses of Printing are great, as when Books are printed against the Church, as these*

(*l*) Mersennus, from whom he takes this, has *Catholick* instead of *Christian* Faith.

(*m*) Spizelii *Felix Literatus, seu Commentationes de Vitiis Literatorum, Augustæ Vindelicorum, Theophil. Goebelius*, 1676. *in* 8vo. p. 124.

(*n*) In his *Scrutinium Atheismi*, p. 56. This is the Passage quoted above.

two

two impious Books, which I never ſaw, nor never deſire to ſee, the one De Tribus Impoſtoribus, *the other the* Cymbalum Mundi. *This laſt was written by* Bonaventure des Perriers, *Servant to* Margaret de Valois, *Ducheſs of* Berry, *who died miſerably.* I don't believe one can reaſon more pitifully than this Man. Indeed, to condemn a Book as impious, when at the ſame time he owns he never ſaw it, is a certain Mark of his poor Judgment. But obſtinately to condemn that Book, and proteſt that he never deſires to ſee it, nor diſabuſe himſelf from what is commonly believ'd of it, is, in my Opinion, to be not only without Judgment, but alſo without Uprightneſs and Equity, and under the Power and Command of one's own Fancies and Whims.

I am no longer ſurpriz'd after this, at this Man's affording Matter of Laughter to Mr. *Bayle*, who does not ſpare him upon a Catalogue of his Works, in which one may obſerve a ridiculous Oſtentation, and an inexcuſable Vanity. (*o*)

XI. Mr. *George Daniel Morhoff* mentions *en paſſant* the *Cymbalum Mundi*, in the excellent Treatiſe which he publiſh'd in the Year 1688, by the Title of *Polyhiſtor*. Hear how he ſpeaks of it in the 8th Chapter of this Work, where he declares what he thinks of impious Books. (*p*) *There are many other Books of this kind; as* The Art of believing nothing, aſcrib'd to *Godefroi du Val, of which* Voetius *ſpeaks in his Diſputation concerning Atheiſm; and another entituled* Cymbalum Mundi, *which the ſame* Voetius *mentions, who calls the Author of it* Bonaventure des Perriers; Harry Stephens *in his preparatory Treatiſe to the Apology for* Herodotus, *and Father* Merſennus, *who calls him* Des Perez *in his Commentary upon* Geneſis, *make mention of it alſo.* I ſhall not ſtay on what Mr. *Morhoff* ſays upon this Occaſion. One may eaſily ſee that he places the *Cymbalum Mundi*

(*o*) *Jugemens des Scavans. Tom.* I. *Prejugez ſur les Livres*, p. 432.

(*p*) Morhofii *Polyhiſtor. Lubecæ*, 1688. *in* 4*to.* p. 74. *Hujus generis plures alii ſunt libri; ut* Ars nihil credendi, *qui adſcribitur* G. Thofrido a Valle, *cujus mentio fit apud* Voetium *Diſput. de Atheiſmo: & alius cujus titulus* Cymbalum Mundi, *cujus itidem mentionem facit* Voetius, *qui ejus Authorem nuncupat* Bonaventuram des Perriers, *ut etiam* Henricus Stephanus *in Tract. præparat. ad Apol. Herod.* Mersennes *Comment. in Geneſim vocat eum* De Perez, *&c.*

among the Books of Impiety, only upon the Teſtimony of the Authors whom he cites, and that he ſays nothing that requires an Anſwer.

XII. Mr. *Bayle* in his Critical Dictionary hath made an Article expreſly for *Bonaventure des Perriers*, in which he owns he had never ſeen the *Cymbalum Mundi*.

After having given an Account of ſeveral Authors Opinions concerning this Work, he lays it down for a Rule; that *there are two ways of laughing at Superſtition, the one very good, the other very bad.* The *Fathers of the Church*, ſays he, *who have ſet forth all the Ridiculouſneſs of the falſe Deities, were very much to be commended, becauſe they propos'd to open the Eyes of the Pagans, and confirm the Believers.* *But* Lucian, *who hath made ſo merry with the Pagan Gods,* ——— *deſerves to be deteſted, becauſe inſtead of doing this from a good Motive, he intended nothing but the pleaſing of his own bantering Humour, and to give a Looſe to his ſatyrical Style; having teſtified no leſs Indifference or Averſion for Truth than for Falſhood.* After he has eſtabliſh'd this Principle, he concludes thus: *You have here two Models*, ſays he, *That* of the *Fathers of the Church, and that of* Lucian. Rabelais *ought to be look'd upon as a Copier of* Lucian, *and I believe we muſt ſay the ſame thing of* Bonaventure des Perriers.

It cannot be denied, but the Principle eſtabliſh'd here by Mr. *Bayle* is moſt excellent; but I cannot allow the Application he makes of it to *Des Perriers* to be juſt. It cannot be ſaid of him, that *he intended nothing elſe but the pleaſing of his bantering Humour, and giving a Looſe to his ſatyrick Style*; nor that *he teſtified no leſs Indifference or Averſion for the Truth than for Falſhood.* There is nothing to be met with in his Work, to which this can agree; and Mr. *Bayle* is not ſo favourable to him, (as is eaſily ſeen) as Juſtice requir'd he ſhou'd. Since he had not ſeen his Work, he ought at leaſt, in my Opinion, to have ſuſpended his Judgment, and not have condemn'd him on Truſt. He is the leſs excuſable in this, that he had inſerted, as I have ſaid, the Analyſis of it from *Du Verdier*, in his Critical Dictionary, and then acknowledg'd that the ſame *Du Verdier* found no Poiſon in it.

Beſides,

Beſides, the Parallel of *Des Perriers* with *Rabelais* is not juſt. For the *Cymbalum Mundi* does not come near the Works of *Rabelais* for Libertiniſm.

I own there are in the *Cymbalum Mundi*, which was compos'd at a time when People expreſs'd themſelves without Scruple or Controul upon all ſorts of Subjects, ſome Liberties which would not be excuſable in this Age, wherein People write with more Reſerve, and more Nicety. But you ſhall not find that prodigious Number of Obſcenities, nor that perpetual Profanation of Paſſages of the Holy Scripture, which you will find every-where in the Works of *Rabelais*, which nevertheleſs are not treated as *deteſtable*, nor *condemn'd to the Fire*.

Hitherto I regarded the Sentiments of Mr. *Bayle* as Literary Deciſions, from which one could not reaſonably diſſent: And the Reputation which this Illuſtrious Critick had acquir'd in the Commonwealth of Learning, ſeem'd to merit that Deference. However, 'tis evident, he ought to be read with Caution; and ſuch Examples of Inaccuracy in a Man of that Learning, ought to make us conſider with how much Diffidence we ſhou'd read the Works of ordinary Authors.

XIII. The laſt Author that ſpeaks of the *Cymbalum Mundi*, that is come to my Knowledge, is Mr. *Burchard Gottolff Struvius*, who hath publiſh'd for ſome Years paſt, ſeveral valuable Works concerning the Knowledge of Books. Let us hear what he ſays, in his Book entituled, *Introductio ad notitiam rei literariæ*, reprinted a ſecond time at *Jene*, in 1706, in 8*vo*, and conſiderably enlarged. *There is another*, ſays he, *one* Bonaventure des Perriers, *who is plac'd among the Atheiſts, for writing the* Cymbalum Mundi; *which impious and blaſphemous Book, La Croix du Maine*, in his *Bibliotheque Franc.* ſays, was firſt written in *Latin*, and printed at *Paris*, in 1537. *But* Bayle *gives us an Analyſis of this* Cymbalum, out of Du Verdier's *Bibliotheque Francoiſe*, p. 1177. *by which we find he was a Mocker of Paganiſm, and perhaps of ſome Abuſes in Religion alſo*, altho *Merſennus*, as he is quoted by Voetius, *in his Diſputations concerning Atheiſm, Vol.* I. p. 200. *ſays, that the Author likewiſe laughs in that*

Book at the Truth of the Christian Religion. I have not seen the Book, and therefore must be content to mention only what others have said of it.

Since Mr. *Struvius*, far from declaring himself against the *Cymbalum Mundi*, contents himself with reporting the Opinions of some Authors who make mention of it, without condemning it, because he had not seen it; I am contented also with transcribing what he says of it, not forgetting however to give to his Justice and Moderation, the Praises justly due to him.

And now having represented to you, Sir, the Opinions of the several Authors who speak of the *Cymbalum Mundi*, I shall beg leave to detain you only with a Word.

Since it is natural to object, that this must have been a bad Book, because it was suppress'd as soon as it appear'd, and the Bookseller who publish'd it, was imprison'd for sending Copies of it Abroad; I am very willing to prevent any thing can be said on that score.

For a Proof of this Fact, they bring a Petition, presented to the Chancellor by *John Morinus*, Bookseller at *Paris*, who was imprison'd for Printing, or causing to be printed the *Cymbalum Mundi*. This Petition sets forth, That, *whereas* John Morinus, *a poor young Bookseller at* Paris, *thro' Ignorance, and without any evil Intention, had printed a little scandalous and erroneous Book, call'd* Cymbalum Mundi, *for which the Petitioner, for having printed that Book, was cast into Prison, and there detain'd*, &c.

Altho' that Petition is a Piece not in Form, without Date, or Signature, and upon which nothing certain can be built, yet I pretend not to dispute upon that Point, and I very easily believe, that the *Cymbalum Mundi* may have been suppress'd. Nevertheless, I cannot see what Proof can be drawn from thence of the Atheism and Impiety of that Work. For, besides that there might have been a Thousand other Reasons for suppressing it, one Formality necessary to the publishing of Books unseasonably neglected by the Author, or the Bookseller, might have been sufficient to produce the same Effect.

Besides,

Beſides, *Des Perriers* might have characteriz'd in his Dialogues ſome of the Court, who might have been offended at it. But without amuſing myſelf with finding out the Motives of that Suppreſſion, I ſhall content myſelf with obſerving to you, that this Book appear'd at a time, when nothing was ſpar'd, and that it might well have been imagin'd then, as Father *Merſennus* believ'd afterwards, that the Author attack'd the Deity, and that he hid himſelf under the Veil of Fable, the better to cover his Deſign.

This, in my Opinion, was the true Reaſon of Suppreſſing the *Cymbalum Mundi*. And if you reflect upon it with Attention, you will find it confirm'd by what is ſaid in the Petition of *Morinus*, *That this Book was Scandalous and Erroneous.*

After all, I may, perhaps, be miſtaken, and I only advance this as a probable Conjecture, which I ſubmit, as well as the reſt of my Letter, to your Judgment and Penetration. I am, with all Reſpect,

At *Paris* the 10th of *October*, 1706.

SIR,

Your moſt humble, and

Moſt obedient Servant,

PROSPER MARCHAND.

BRITISH
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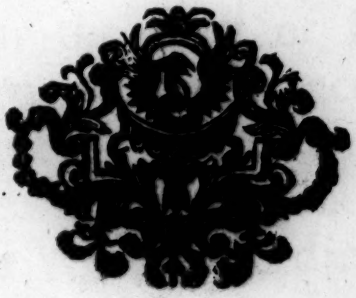
CYMBALUM MUNDI,

Containing Four

POETICAL DIALOGUES

Very ANCIENT, JOCULAR, and FACETIOUS.

Probitas laudatur, & alget.



Printed in the Year 1712.

CYMBALUM MUNDI.

Containing four

POETICAL DIALOGUES

Very ANCIENT, JOCULAR, and FACETIOUS

Problem [illegible] & elegit.

Printed in the Year 1712.

THOMAS DU CLEVIER,

To his Friend

PETER TRYOCAN.

THIS about eight Years, my dear Friend, ſince I promis'd to tranſlate into *French* for you a ſmall Treatiſe which I ſhew'd you, entitled *Cymbalum Mundi*, conſiſting of four Poetical Dialogues; which I found in an old Library of a Monaſtery near the City of *Dabas*. Of which Promiſe I now acquit myſelf, as well as my other Occupations will allow me. If I have not render'd it Word for Word, according to the *Latin*, you muſt know I did this deſignedly, in order to imitate as much as poſſible the Way of Speaking in our own Language, which you will eaſily

eaſily perceive by the Forms of Swearing, when inſtead of *Hercules*, by *Jupiter*, *diſpeream*, &c. ---------- and ſuch like, I have put ſuch as our Beaus uſe, *viz. s'Death*, *s'Buddikin*, *may I die*, being willing rather to tranſlate, and repreſent the Senſe of him that ſpeaks, than ſtick cloſe to his Words. In like manner, for *Phalernian Wine*, I have put *Champagne*, that ſo it might be more familiar and intelligible to you. As to the Songs which *Cupid* ſings in the third Dialogue, there were in the Original certain Love-Songs in Lyrick Verſe, in place of which, I rather choſe to put Songs of our own time, ſince they ſerve the Purpoſe as well as the ſaid Lyricks, which, in my Opinion, would have loſt of their Beauty by a Tranſlation. Such as it is, I ſend it you, but on this Condition, that you communicate no Copy of it to any Perſon, leſt from Hand to Hand, it fall at laſt into the Hands of thoſe who manage the Printing Manufacture, which Art (that

us'd formerly to bring ſeveral Advantages with it to Letters) becauſe it is at preſent too common, makes what is printed loſe its Beauty, and be leſs eſteem'd, than if it remain'd ſtill in plain Writing, unleſs the Print was very fine, and correct. I will ſend you ſeveral other fine Things, if I hear this is acceptable to you. Adieu, my dear Friend, and may God preſerve you in his Favour, and give you all your Heart's Deſire.

CYMBA-

CYMBALUM MUNDI.

The First DIALOGUE.

MERCURY robb'd.

The Argument.

MERCURY *charg'd with ſeveral Commiſſions from the* GODS, *comes down to* Athens, *to get the* Book of Deſtiny *bound for* JUPITER. *He is met at a Tavern by two Men, who open his Packet, ſteal the Book, and put another in its Place, and at laſt ſeek to quarrel with him.*

Mercury,

Mercury, Byrphanes, Curtalius, the *Hosteſs.*

Mercury. THIS true, he commanded me to get this Book new bound for him; but I know not whether he wou'd have it bound in Wood, or Paſte-Board. He did not tell me whether he wou'd have it in Calf, or Velvet. I am in doubt likewiſe, whether he meant to have it gilt, and have the Iron-Bars and Nails chang'd for the modern faſhionable way. I am afraid it won't pleaſe him. He hurries me ſo much, and gives me ſo many things to do at once, that I miſtake one thing for another. Beſides, *Venus* deſir'd me to ſay I don't know what, to the young Women of *Cyprus*, touching their fine Complexion. *Juno* charg'd me by the bye to bring her ſome Gilding, ſome Bracelets, or ſome Girdles of the neweſt Faſhion, if there were any below. To be ſure *Pallas* will ask me whether the Poets have publiſh'd any thing new of late. Then I muſt carry to *Charon* the Souls of twenty ſeven Rogues, who died of a Conſumption this Day; and thirteen who kill'd one another in the Tavern, and eighteen in the Bawdy-Houſe; eight Infants ſmother'd by the *Veſtals*, and five *Druids* who died Mad. When ſhall I be able to diſpatch all theſe Commiſſions? Where are Books bound beſt? At *Athens*, in *Germany*, at *Venice*, or at *Rome*? I fancy at *Athens*; I had beſt go down thither. I will paſs along the *Goldſmiths-ſtreet*, and the *Mercers ſtreet*, and ſee what I can find for my Lady *Juno*. And then I will go to the *Bookſellers*, to enquire for ſome new thing for *Pallas*. But above all things, I muſt take care, that no-

body knows what Family I belong to. For whereas the *Athenians* don't ask above double what a thing is worth of others, they would not ſell to me under eight times the worth.

Byrphanes. What do you look at there, my Companion?

Curtalius. What do I look at? I now ſee what I have ſo often met with in Books, and which I could never believe.

Byrphanes. And what in the D---l's Name is that?

Curtalius. 'Tis *Mercury*, the Meſſenger of the Gods, whom I have ſeen coming down from Heaven to Earth.

Byrphanes. Why! you rave ſure! are you in earneſt? you have dreamt this waking. Come, come, let us go drink, and don't amuſe yourſelf any more with ſuch vain Illuſions.

Curtalius. *s'Buddikins!* there is nothing more true. 'Tis no Jeſt. He litt there; and I fancy he will paſs this way preſently. Let us ſtay a little. Hold, there he comes, don't you ſee him?

Byrphanes. I believe what you told me; eſpecially ſince I ſee it with my own Eyes. Egad, there is a Man accouter'd juſt in the manner the Poets deſcribe *Mercury!* I am perſuaded 'tis he.

Curtalius. Huſh! let us wait a little, and ſee what will become of him. He is a coming ſtraight up to us.

Mercury. God bleſs you Gentlemen: Is there good Wine ſold in this Houſe? 'fore G---, I am very dry.

Curtalius. I don't believe there's better in all *Athens.* And now, Sir, pray what News?

Mercury. Upon my Soul, I have none. I am come here to learn ſome. Landlady, pray ſend us a Bottle of Wine.

Curtalius. I can aſſure you this is *Mercury*, and no other; I know him by his Carriage: Let us ſee what he brings from Heaven with him: If we will be Rogues, we ſhall know what it is; and I am for plundering him, if you'll take my Advice.

Byrphanes.

Byrphanes. 'Twou'd be great Virtue, and Honour for us to plunder not only a Thief, but the Author of all manner of Thefts.

Curtalius. He will leave his Bundle on this Bed, and preſently go thro' the whole Houſe, to ſee if he can ſpy any thing careleſly laid up, that he may ſnatch it and put it into his Pocket. In the mean while, we'll ſee what he brings there.

Byrphanes. You ſay very well.

Mercury. Is the Wine come? Come, Gentlemen, let us go into that Room there, and try whether the Wine is good.

Curtalius. We are juſt come from drinking: However, Sir, we are content to keep you Company, and drink with you too.

Mercury. Now, Gentlemen, till the Wine comes, I'll go and divert myſelf a little; in the mean time, bid them waſh Glaſſes, and bring ſomething to eat.

Curtalius. Do you obſerve this Spark of a God? I know his Ways. I'll be hang'd if he comes again till he has rummag'd thro' every Corner of the Houſe, and pilfer'd ſomething or other. Be that as it will, I aſſure you, he will not return ſo ſoon. Wherefore, in the mean while, let us ſee what he has got here, and plunder him if we can.

Byrphanes. Let us diſpatch then, leſt he ſurprize us in the Fact.

Curtalius. Here's a Book.

Byrphanes. What Book is it?

Curtalius reads.

Quæ in hoc libro continentur:

Chronica rerum memorabilium quas Jupiter *geſſit antequam eſſet ipſe.*

Fatorum præſcriptum: ſive, eorum quæ futura ſunt, certæ diſpoſitiones.

Catalogus Heroum immortalium, qui cum Jove *vitam victuri ſunt ſempiternam.*

'Faith! This is a pretty Book; I don't believe there's any ſuch ſold in *Athens.* Do you know

what we ſhall do? We have one there, which is juſt of the ſame Shape and Size, go bring it; and we'll put it into his Budget inſtead of this; he'll ne'er miſtruſt us.

Byrphanes. 'Faith! we have got a rich Prize. We ſhall find ſome *Bookſeller*, that will give us Ten thouſand Crowns for the Copy. This is *Jupiter*'s Book which *Mercury* is come to have bound, as I fancy, for 'tis ſo old, it is ready to fall to Pieces. Here, take the Book you ſpoke of, which is not in much better Caſe, and I promiſe you there's not much Difference between them, to look at.

Curtalius. All is well: The Bundle is juſt as it was, he can't diſcover any thing.

Mercury. Come, Gentlemen, let's drink. I'm juſt come from viewing the Houſe, which to me appears very handſome.

Byrphanes. The Houſe is handſome, Sir, for a Tavern.

Mercury. But what News, Gentlemen?

Curtalius. We have none, Sir, unleſs you pleaſe to tell us ſome.

Mercury. Come, my Service to you, Gentlemen.

Byrphanes. Sir, we are very much oblig'd to you; we pledge you with all our Hearts.

Mercury. What Wine is this?

Curtalius. Champaign.

Mercury. Champaign! 'sbud! *Jupiter* drinks not better Nectar than this.

Byrphanes. The Wine is good; but you ought not to compare the Wine of this World to the Nectar of *Jupiter*.

Mercury. Z----ds! *Jupiter* drinks not better Nectar.

Curtalius. Conſider well what you ſay, Sir; for you blaſpheme horribly. I tell you, you are a Villain, if you maintain this: 'sbud you are.

Mercury. Do not be angry, my Friend, I have taſted both, and therefore muſt be a better Judge than you, who have taſted but one of them.

Curtalius. Sir, I am not angry, nor did I ever drink Nectar, as you ſay you have done. But we believe what is written, and what is ſaid of it. You ought

not

not to make any Comparison of any Wine that grows in this World, with the Nectar of *Jupiter*; you must be mistaken.

Mercury. I know not how you believe, but it is so as I tell you.

Curtalius. May I die an ill Death, Sir, (begging your Pardon) if you maintain this Opinion, if I don't cause you to be put in a Place where you shan't see your own Feet for three Months: so much for that, and for something else that you think I don't know. (Hark, my Companion, I am sure he hath stolen something in the Chamber above, by G----, 'tis certainly so.) I don't know who you are, but 'tis very ill done of you to talk so; you may come to repent it, and somewhat else, that you have done not very long ago; be gone from hence quickly, or 'sDeath, if I go out before you, it shall be to your Cost. I'll bring you Folks, that it were better for you to have to do with all the Devils in Hell, than with the least of them.

Byrphanes. Sir, he says right; you ought not to blaspheme in so villanous a manner. And don't trust, my Companion without good Ground. For, s'buddikins! he says nothing but what he'll do, if you put him in a Passion.

Mercury. What a miserable thing 'tis to have to do with Men! what a Devil had my Father *Jupiter* in his Head, when he first employ'd me to traffick and converse among Mortals? Land-lady, here, pay yourself, take what you should have. Well, are you satisfied?

Hostess. Yes, Sir.

Mercury. Hark, Mistress, one Word in your Ear, if you please. Don't you know the Names of these two Sparks, who were drinking with me there?

Hostess. The one is call'd *Byrphanes*, and the other *Curtalius*.

Mercury. 'Tis enough, that's well, adieu; Mistress. But for your Civility, in giving me so good Wine, and telling me the Names of those two Gentlemen, I promise and assure you, that your Life shall be prolong'd fifty Years, in good Health, and joyful Liberty,

beyond the Appointment and Ordination of my Couſins the *Deſtinys*.

Hoſteſs. You promiſe me Wonders, Sir, for a Trifle; but I can't believe it, becauſe I am very ſure, that can never be. I believe you wou'd be willing it ſhould be ſo, as well as I: For I ſhou'd be very happy to live ſo long in the State that you tell me of; but I'm ſure this will never be.

Mercury. Say you ſo? Ho! you laugh and flout at it? No, you ſhall not live ſo long egad; you ſhall be in Slavery all your Life, and ſick at the Heart every Month. Now do I perceive that the Naughtineſs of Women far ſurpaſſes that of Men. To be plain with you, nothing of what I promis'd you ſhall come to paſs, ſince you would not believe me. You ſhall never have a Gueſt again, (however you oblige him that will ever make you ſo great Promiſes. Theſe are dangerous Rogues. By Gad! I was never in ſuch a Fear ſince I was born: For, I believe, they ſaw me take the little ſilver Image, on the Drawers above, which I ſtole, to make a Preſent of to my Couſin *Ganymedes*, who always gives me what remains in *Jupiter*'s Cup, after he has drank his Nectar. This is what they were ſpeaking of together. If they had once taken me up, I had been render'd infamous, I and all my Celeſtial Kindred. But if ever they fall into my Hands, I will recommend them to *Charon*, that he may make them wait a little on the River ſide, and not ferry them over for Three Thouſand Years. And I will play you another fine Trick, Meſſieurs *Byrphanes*, and *Curtalius*; for before I return the Book of Immortality to my Father *Jupiter*, which I am going to have bound, I will blot out your pretty Names, if I find them written there, and that of your handſome Landlady, who is ſo ſcornful and ſawcy, that ſhe'll neither believe, nor accept of any Favour one wou'd do her.

Curtalius. By my Soul, we have plaid him a fine Trick! This is what we ought to have done, *Byrphanes*, in order to be rid of him. 'Tis *Mercury*, without all Queſtion.

Byrphanes. 'Tis he, and none other, without doubt: This is the luckieſt Theft ever was committed. For we have

plunder'd

plunder'd the Prince and Patron of Thieves, which is a Deed worthy of immortal Memory; and we have got a Book, which is not to be equal'd in the whole World.

Curtalius. The Counterfeit is good, ſince inſtead of his own, we have given him one, that ſpeaks of quite other Matters. I fear nothing but one thing, and that is, that if *Jupiter* ſees it, and finds that his own Book is loſt, he deſtroy this poor World, that is not in fault, for a Puniſhment of our Crime: For he is pretty tempeſtuous when he takes it in his Head. But I'll tell you what we had beſt do. Since I am convinc'd, that as nothing is contain'd in this Book, but what will come to paſs, ſo nothing comes to paſs but what is contain'd in it; we will look whether this Theft of ours was foretold and prognoſticated in it, and whether it ſpeaks of our giving it again; that ſo we may know what Ground we ſtand upon.

Byrphanes. If 'tis there, we ſhall find it in this Place, for ſee this Title: *Fata, & eventus anni* - - - -

Curtalius. St! St! Hide the Book: For I ſee *Ardelio* coming, who would be willing to ſee it. We ſhall look into it more at length another time, at our Leiſure.

CYMBALUM MUNDI.

The Second DIALOGUE.

The Philoſopher's-Stone.

The Argument.

MERCURY *inform'd by* Trigabus, *of the Employment of the Philoſophers, who are in Search of the* Philoſopher's-Stone, *diſguiſes himſelf in the Figure of an Old Man, to go and ſee them Searching for it upon the Sand of the Theater, where he diverts himſelf with their Credulity and Miſtake.*

Trigabus,

Trigabus, Mercury, Rhetulus, Cubercus, Drarig.

Trigabus. MAY I die, *Mercury*, if you are not an arrant Cheat; and were you the Son of *Jupiter*, a hundred times, let me tell you, you are a cunning Varlet. Do you remember what a Trick you plaid, when you were here? you impos'd handsomely on our visionary Philosophers.

Mercury. As how?

Trigabus. How? When you told them, you had the Philosopher's-Stone, and shew'd it them, for which they are yet in great Pain. When they importun'd you so much by their Prayers, that you, doubting to which of them you shou'd give it, broke it in Pieces, and reduc'd it to Powder; and then scatter'd it upon the Sand of the Theater, where they were a disputing (as they use to do) that each of them might have a little; telling them to seek it carefully, and that if they could find any of that Philosopher's-Stone, how little soever it shou'd be, they shou'd do Wonders, transmute Metals, burst the Bolts of open Doors, cure such as were in good Health, learn the Language of Birds, obtain whatever they desir'd of the Gods, provided what they demanded was lawful; and know what was to come, as after fair Weather Rain, Flowers and Sun-Shine in the Spring, in Summer Dust and Heat, Fruits in Autumn, Cold and Dirt in Winter; in short, that they should be able to do every thing, and a great deal more. In truth, since that time they have done nothing but scatter'd and rak'd into the Sand of the Theater, in order to find some Pieces of that Stone.

'Tis

'Tis good Diverſion to ſee them picking and ſifting it. You wou'd ſwear, they are little Children diverting themſelves at Play, unleſs when they come to fiſty Cuffs.

Mercury. Well, has none of them found any of it?

Trigabus. Not one, by the D---l: But ne'er a one of them but boaſts he has a great Quantity of it; ſo that if all they ſhew of it was gather'd in a Heap, it would be ten times more than the whole Stone.

Mercury. It may very well happen, that for Pieces of this Philoſopher's-Stone, they may have pick'd among the Sand, Sand itſelf; and this is not hard to do: For 'tis very difficult to know it from the Sand, there being no ſenſible Difference between them.

Trigabus. I don't know; but I have heard ſeveral affirm, that they had found ſome of the true Powder of the Stone, and immediately doubt whether it was ſo or no; and at laſt throw all the Pieces away, and go to ſeek other Ones. So that there never was exhibited ſo fine a Play, ſo pleaſant a Diverſion, and ſo Noble a Fable, as this. *s'Buddikins!* you have made Work enough for our Aſſes of Philoſophers.

Mercury. Ha'n't I?

Trigabus. s'Bud! I wiſh you had ſeen their Paſtime a little, how they fall down upon the Ground, and how they wreſt out of one another's Hands the Grains of Sand which they find, how they grin at one another, when they come to compare Notes among themſelves. One boaſts that he has more than his Companion; another ſays he tells a Lye; one teaches the way of finding it, and yet can get none of it himſelf; another anſwers him, that he knows that as well, and better than he. One ſays, that in order to find it, one muſt put on red and green Cloths; another ſays, 'tis better to be cloth'd in blue and yellow. One is of Opinion, that one ought not to eat above ſix times a Day, with a certain *Regimen*; another holds, that to lie with a Woman is all wrong. One ſays, that one ought to

light

light a Candle, were it in broad Sun-Shine; another ſays the contrary. They roar, they run diſtracted, they plague one another, and God knows the fine Criminal Proceſſes that follow upon all this. So that there is neither Court, nor Street, nor Church, nor Well, nor Oven, nor Mill, nor Square, nor Tavern, now Bawdy-Houſe, that is not full of their Jargon, Diſputes, Factions, and Hatreds. And if there is any one among them, who is ſo conceited and opinionated, as ſtrongly to believe that the Sand which he has choſen is part of the true Philoſopher's-Stone, he undertakes to give a Reaſon for and judge of every thing; of the Heavens, of the Elyſian Fields, of Vice and Virtue, of Life and Death, of Peace and War; of paſt and to come, of all Things and many more: So that there is nothing in this World, but he muſt be diſcourſing of, if it was but of the Lap Dogs of the *Druids* Miſtreſſes, and the Babies of their little Children. 'Tis true, there are ſome of 'em (as I have heard ſay) who are believ'd to have found Pieces of it; but they had no other Virtue or Property, than to turn Men into Graſhoppers, which do nothing elſe but tattle and chatter till Death; others into miſchievous Parrots, that underſtand not what they jabber; and others into Aſſes, fit to carry great Burdens, and endure many Stripes and Blows. In ſhort, 'tis the beſt Diverſion, and merrieſt Sport to conſider their way of doing Buſineſs, that ever was ſeen or heard of.

Mercury. In good Earneſt?

Trigabus. 'Tis, s'Buddikins! And if you won't believe me, come yourſelf, I will bring you to the Theater, where you ſhall ſee the Myſtery, and laugh your Bellyful.

Mercury. Well ſaid, let us go thither, but I'm very much afraid they'll know me.

Trigabus. Lay aſide your Rod, your wing'd Shooes, and your Hat, and then they'll never know you.

Mercury. No, no, I'll do much better, I'll change my Countenance into another Form. Now look well in my Face, and ſee what I ſhall become.

Trigabus.

Trigabus. Z-----ds! Who's that? What *Proteus*, what Poſture-Maſter is that? How quickly you have chang'd your Phyz? Whereas you were a little while ago a handſome young Man, you are now a gray hair'd old Man. Ha! Now I know how this comes about, 'tis by the Virtue of the Words which I heard you then mutter between your Lips. But, s'Buddikins! you muſt teach me that Science, or you are not my Friend: I'll pay you to your full Content for it. If I once underſtand this, and put on any Face I pleaſe, I will do ſomething that ſhall make People talk of me. I proteſt I'll never leave you, till you have taught me this Art. I beſeech you, *Mercury*, teach me what Words I muſt ſpeak, in order to come at this.

Mercury. O'my Conſcience I will, becauſe you are my good Companion; I will teach you it before I part with you, but let us firſt go to the Sands, and then I will tell it you.

Trigabus. Well, I truſt to your Word. Do you ſee him there, who walks in ſuch haſte? I wiſh you heard him argue a little. You never ſaw in your Life ſo pleaſant a Buffoon of a Philoſopher. He ſhews I know not what little Grain of Sand, and ſwears by all that's ſacred, that this is of the true Philoſopher's-Stone, and that of the very beſt. Look at him, how he turns his Eyes in his Head? Don't you think he is pleas'd with his own Perſon? Don't you ſee how he deſpiſes every thing in the World in Compariſon of himſelf?

Mercury. There is another that looks as bluff as he. Let us go a little nearer them, and ſee what Airs they will put on, and hear what Diſcourſe they'll hold between themſelves.

Trigabus. You adviſe well.

Rhetulus. Your Search is all in vain, Gentlemen; for I have found the Secret.

Cuberculus. Pray don't boaſt ſo much yet, my Friend. The *Philoſopher's-Stone* is of ſuch a Property, that it loſes all its Virtue, if a Man preſumes too much of himſelf, after he has found ſome Pieces of it. I really believe, you have got ſome of it; but pray, ſuffer others to ſeek it, and get ſome of it, if they can, as well as yourſelf.

ſelf. *Mercury*, who gave it us, meant not that we ſhou'd upbraid and twit one another, but wou'd have us to love one another as Brothers. For he hath not put us upon ſearch of ſo noble and divine a Thing for Diſſenſion, but rather out of Kindneſs to make us love one another. Nevertheleſs, as far as I can ſee, we do the quite contrary.

Rhetulus. You may ſay what you will; but what you, Gentlemen, have gather'd, is nothing but Sand.

Drarig. By my Soul, you lye. Here's a Piece for you of the true Philoſopher's-Stone, better than any you have.

Rhetulus. A'n't you aſham'd to ſhew this for the Philoſopher's-Stone? I'n't it evident, that 'tis only Sand? Fy, fy, take it away.

Drarig. Why did you make me let it fall? 'Twill be loſt. May I die mad, if I was a Warrior, or had a Sword about me, if I did not kill you dead upon the Spot. How is it poſſible I ſhou'd find it now? I was at ſo much Pains to ſeek for it, and now this wicked, curſed, and abominable Raſcal has made me loſe it.

Rhetulus. Don't be concern'd, you have loſt no great matter.

Drarig. Great matter! There is not a Treaſure in this World, for which I would have exchang'd it. May the D----l and all the Furies in Hell torment you! O! Traytor, envious Man that thou art, cou'd'ſt thou hurt me no other way, but by making me loſe in one Moment all my Labours for theſe thirty Years? I'll never forgive you.

Cubercus. I have fifteen or ſixteen Pieces of it, among which I am very ſure there are four, at leaſt, the trueſt that can be got.

Trigabus. But now, Gentlemen, tell us, if you pleaſe, what it is that you Philoſophers ſearch for ſo carefully every Day, among the Sand on the Theater?

Cubercus. What do you ask for? Don't you know that we are in queſt of Pieces of the Philoſopher's-Stone, which *Mercury* formerly turn'd into Powder, and ſcatter'd for us in this Place?

Trigabus.

Trigabus. And what wou'd you do with theſe Pieces?

Cubercus. What wou'd we do? We wou'd tranſmute Metals, do every thing we pleaſe, and obtain whatever we ask'd of the Gods.

Mercury. Is it poſſible?

Cubercus. You ask if 'tis poſſible! Do you queſtion it?

Mercury. Yes, indeed, I do queſtion it. For you who ſaid, you had at leaſt four Pieces of the trueſt Sort, might by means of one of them, (if you wou'd not make uſe of them all) help your Companion to find his, which the other made him loſe, and for which he is half mad. And I who have no Money, wou'd humbly beſeech you, if it were your good Pleaſure, to turn into Crowns fifteen Livres of Money (not to ſpeak of more) which I have in my Purſe; you wou'd loſe nothing by it; it wou'd only coſt you a Thought, or a Word, if thoſe Pieces which you have, had as much Virtue as you ſay they have.

Cubercus. I'll tell you, Sir; you miſtake the Matter. You muſt underſtand, that it is not poſſible, the *Stone* ſhould have the ſame Virtue it had formerly, when it was newly beaten to Pieces by *Mercury*, becauſe it has loſt its Virtue, ſince the time that he ſcatter'd it upon the Theater. And I muſt tell you one thing, Sir, that it is not neceſſary it ſhould ſhew its Power at this time, even tho' it had it as much as ever. Beſides, *Mercury* can take away, and reſtore its Virtue juſt as he pleaſes.

Mercury. Is it not neceſſary, do you ſay? Wherefore then do you beat your Brains, ſtrain your Eyes, and waſte your Strength in ſeeking it ſo conſtantly?

Rhetulus. No, no, don't ſay that; for 'tis as powerful and efficacious as ever, notwithſtanding you ſay, it has loſt its Virtue. If that of it which you have, produces no Effect, or ſhews no Virtue, 'tis a certain Sign that 'tis not true. As to what I have, I muſt tell you one thing, that I do with it what I pleaſe. For I not only tranſmute Metals, as Gold into Lead, (Lead into Gold, I wou'd ſay) but I alſo make a Tranſformation by it upon Men, inaſmuch as by their tranſmuted Opinions, which are a great deal harder than any Metal

tal whatſoever, I make them change their Manner of Life. For ſuch as durſt ſcarce look upon the *Veſtals*, I now make them lie with them. Such as us'd to go in the Habit of *Gypſies*, I make them go accouter'd like *Turks*. Such as us'd to ride a Horſe-back, I make them trot a Foot. Such as were accuſtom'd to give, I make them glad to ask. Nay, I do yet more; for I make all *Greece* talk of me: So that there are certain Perſons, who would maintain againſt all Mankind even to Death, that I have the true *Philoſopher's-Stone*; and many other fine Things that I will do by theſe Pieces, which would be too long to recount. But now, honeſt Man, what do you think of our Philoſophers?

Mercury. I think they are not very wiſe, nor you neither, Sir.

Rhetulus. Why?

Mercury. Thus to toil and turmoil, to find and pick out of the Sand little Pieces of a Stone reduc'd to Powder; and ſo to loſe their Time in this World, by a continual Search after a thing, which perhaps it is not poſſible to find, and which, it may be, is not there. And then, did not you ſay, that 'twas *Mercury* who broke it, and ſcatter'd it among the Sand on the Theater?

Rhetulus. Yes indeed, it was *Mercury*.

Mercury. O poor Wretches! Are you ſuch Fools as to truſt *Mercury*, the grand Author of all Cheats and Deceits? Don't you know, that he gives you only Words, and that by his fine Reaſons and Perſuaſions, he'd make you believe, that Bladders are Lanterns, and Clouds are Frying-Pans? Have not you reaſon to doubt, that he has given you ſome other common Stone, or perhaps Sand itſelf, and after this made you believe, that it is the *Philoſopher's-Stone*, in order to laugh at you, and divert himſelf with your Labours, Paſſions and Diſputes about finding out a Thing which never had a Being.

Rhetulus. Don't ſay ſo, Sir, for without all doubt 'tis the *Philoſopher's-Stone*. Pieces of it have been found, and Experiments have been tried with it.

Mercury.

Mercury. You ſay ſo, but I doubt of it; for I am perſuaded if the Thing was ſo, you wou'd do more wonderful Things, ſince it is of ſuch a Quality as you ſay. And ſince you are ſo well diſpos'd Perſons, you wou'd make the Poor become rich, or at leaſt, you wou'd give them all Things neceſſary to make them lead an eaſy and agreeable Life.

Rhetulus. Such Wretches are neceſſary in the World. For if all were rich, there wou'd be no room for giving, to exerciſe the noble Virtue of Liberality.

Mercury. You wou'd eaſily find Things that were loſt, and underſtand Caſes that Men doubt of, in order to put them to rights, according to the Truth, which then would be no Stranger to you.

Rhetulus. What then would the Judges, Counſellors, and Attorneys ſay? What wou'd they do with their *Codes*, *Pandects*, and *Digeſts*? Which are ſo honeſt and uſeful Things.

Mercury. When any body was ſick, and ſhou'd ſend for you; you wou'd have nothing to do, but to lay a little of this *Philoſopher's-Stone* upon the Patient, who ſhou'd be cur'd immediately.

Rhetulus. What wou'd be the Uſe then of Phyſicians and Apothecaries, and their fine Books of *Hippocrates*, *Galen*, *Egineta*, *Avicenna*, and others, that coſt them ſo much Money? And then, by this means, every body wou'd be cur'd of all Diſtempers, and none ſhou'd ever die, which wou'd be very unreaſonable.

Trigabus. There is one yonder who ſeems to have found ſomething: See how eagerly the reſt run to him, and fall a raking in the ſame Place.

Rhetulus. They do very well to ſeek, for what is not yet found, will be found ſome time or other.

Mercury. To be ſure. But ever ſince you have been in Search of it, there is no Noiſe of your having done any thing worthy of the *Philoſopher's-Stone*; which makes me ſuſpect that it is not it; or, if it is, that it has not ſo much Virtue as is talkt; but that they are nothing but Words, and that your *Stone* ſerves for nothing but to raiſe Stories.

Rhetulus.

Rhetulus. I have told you ſeveral Things I have done by that of it which I have.

Mercury. And pray, what are they? That loud Talk, and eternal Tattle which you keep, is the Cauſe, and not your Grain of Sand. You are oblig'd to *Mercury* for this only, and for nothing elſe: For as he gave you nothing but Words, in making you believe this was the *Philoſophers Stone*, ſo you pleaſe the World with meer pretty Words. Thus far, in my Opinion, are you oblig'd to *Mercury*.

Trigabus. May I die, was I one of the Council, if I did not ſend you all to the Plow, the Vineyards, or the Galleys. Is it not a fine Spectacle, d'ye think, to ſee a Company of old Aſſes loſe their whole Life-time in ſeeking little Stones, like Children? If this comes to any Account, I ſhou'd ſay nothing; but they do not any one thing of what they fancy, dream, and promiſe. 'Sbuddikins! they are more Children, than the very Children themſelves. For one can make ſomething of Children, one can make ſome Uſe or other of them. If they are buſy at their Play, one can eaſily make them give over, and do ſomething. But theſe ridiculous and viſionary Philoſophers, when once they fall a ſeeking Grains of Sand on the Theater, expecting to find ſome Pieces of their fine *Philoſopher's-Stone*, they can never be drawn from that fooliſh Play of bearded and perpetual Childhood; and thus they grow gray, and die in Want. How many of them have I ſeen, who pretended to have done Wonders? Certainly, they have Certificates of it!

Rhetulus. I confeſs, we don't find Pieces of it as we cou'd wiſh; and then *Mercury* is not always favourable and kind to all.

Mercury. I believe it.

Rhetulus. Now, Gentlemen, I hope you won't be offended, if I take leave of you; for Mr. *Venulus* the Senator, with whom I promis'd to ſup, hath ſent his Servant for me.

Mercury. Adieu then, Sir.

Trigabus. Theſe are Gentlemen for you; he will be ſet at the upper End of the Table, and the Maſter will cut him of the beſt. He will have the Talk and Diſ-

courſe of the whole Company: And God knows, if he will not tell them fine Stories.

Mercury. All this is the Effect of my *Philoſopher's-Stone.*

Trigabus. It is ſo. If they get nothing more but a Belly-full for nothing, they'd be very much oblig'd to you, *Mercury.*

Mercury. You ſee the Uſe of my Art: But I muſt go on a certain ſecret Meſſage for my Father *Jupiter*, to a Lady that lives in the Temple of *Apollo*: And then I muſt make my Miſtreſs a ſhort Viſit, e're I return: Adieu.

Trigabus. You will not be ſo good as your Promiſe, then?

Mercury. What Promiſe?

Trigabus. To teach me the Words, that are neceſſary, in order to change my Phyz and Air into what Form I pleaſe.

Mercury. O! Yes. Well remember'd. Heark.

Trigabus. How! I don't hear you. I don't know what you ſay; ſpeak a little louder.

Mercury. That's the whole Receipt; be ſure, don't forget it.

Trigabus. What, ſaid he? 'sbuddikins! I did not hear it, and I believe he ſaid nothing to me, for I heard nothing. If he had taught me that, I ſhou'd have plaid a thouſand pretty Tricks, I ſhou'd never have been afraid of wanting any thing. For whenever I had wanted Money, I needed only to have chang'd my Face into that of one to whom it was due from his Bankers, and gone and receiv'd it for him. And to carry on my Amours handſomely, and viſit my Miſtreſs without Suſpicion, I ſhou'd often have taken the Form and Countenance of one of her Companions, that ſo I might not be known; and many other fine Tricks I had done. O! what a noble ſort of Mask had this been, if he had been ſo kind as to tell me the Words, and had not deceiv'd me. But I come to myſelf again, and underſtand that that Man is very fooliſh, who expects to make ſomething of what is not; and that he is ſtill more unhappy, who hopes for what is impoſſible.

CYMBALUM MUNDI.

The Third DIALOGUE.

The Publick Cry.

The Argument.

MERCURY *comes to* Athens, *to have the* Book of Destiny, *which was ſtoln from him, publickly cry'd. He meets with* CUPID, *who informs him, that two Men had his Book, and that they told Fortunes, and foretold what was to come by it.* MERCURY, *for Paſtime, makes a Horſe ſpeak, to the great Amazement of all that heard him.*

Mercury, Cupid, Celia, Phlegon, Statius, Ardelio.

Mercury. I AM ſtill extremely amaz'd, how he can have ſo much Patience. The Treſpaſs of *Lycaon*, for which he formerly ſent a Deluge upon the Earth, was not near ſo abominable as this. I know not what has hinder'd him from deſtroying and ruining this miſerable World, becauſe theſe wicked Mortals were ſo bold as not only to keep his Book, in which is all his Preſcience, but likewiſe, as if it were to affront and mock him, becauſe they have ſent another in its Place, containing all the wanton Amours of his Youth, which he thought to have done without the Privity of *Juno*, of Gods, and Men. As when he turn'd himſelf into a Bull, to raviſh *Europa*; when he diſguis'd himſelf into a Swan, to enjoy *Leda*: When he put on the Shape of *Amphytrion*, to lie with *Alcmena*: When he transform'd himſelf into a Shower of Gold, to kiſs *Danae*: When he metamorphos'd himſelf into *Diana*, into a Shepherd, into Fire, into an Eagle, into a Serpent, and ſeveral other little Follies, which did not concern Men to know, and far leſs to write. If once *Juno* finds this Book, and chances to read all theſe noble Feats, what a Life d'ye think will ſhe lead him? I wonder he did not fling me down headlong, as he formerly did *Vulcan*, who to this Day is lame of the Fall he got, and will be ſo all the Days of his Life. I had certainly broke my Neck, for I had not my winged Shoes on my Feet, to fly withal, and keep me from falling. 'Tis true, it was my Fault in part, for I ought to have taken good heed, Egad, before I took it from the Binder: But what could I do? 'Twas the Eve of the *Bacchanals*, and almoſt Night. And

And then, ſo many Commiſſions I was charg'd with, did ſo confound my Underſtanding, that I knew not what I did. On the other hand, I put great Truſt in the Book-Binder, for he ſeem'd to be a very good Man, and ſo he is; if it was only for the good Books he binds and handles every Day. I was with him afterwards, and he ſwore ſolemnly, that he return'd me the ſame Book I had given him; and I am very ſure, it was not chang'd in my Hands. Where is it I was that Day? I muſt think on't. Cou'd thoſe Villains, with whom I drank at the *White-Coal* Tavern, ſteal it from me, and put this in its place? This may very well be, for I was abſent from them a pretty while, the time the Wine was a bringing. Ha! upon my Soul, I wonder that old Dotard is not aſham'd! Cou'd not he have ſeen long ago in the Book (by which he knew all Things) what ſhou'd one time become of this ſame Book? I believe he is become purblind; for this Accident muſt have been foreſeen in it, as well as all others; or the Book muſt be falſe. But if he is angry, let him ſcratch his A--ſe. I know not what to do in this matter. What Memorandum is this he has given me? *In the Name of* Jupiter the Almighty Thunderer, *let there be a publick Cry thro' every Street and Lane in* Athens, *and if needful, at all the four Corners of the World, that if any Perſon has found a Book, entitled,* Quæ in hoc libro continentur: Chronica rerum memorabilium, quas Jupiter geſſit, antequam eſſet ipſe. Fatorum præſcriptum, ſive eorum quæ futura ſunt, certæ diſpoſitiones. Catalogus heroum immortalium, qui cum Jove vitam victuri ſunt ſempiternam. *Or if any one knows any News of this Book, which belongs to* Jupiter, *let him return it to* Mercury, *whom he ſhall find every Day either in the Academy, or on the Exchange, and he ſhall, for his Reward, obtain the firſt Requeſt he makes to him. But if he does not return it within eight Days after the publick Cry is over,* Jupiter *is reſolv'd to go thro' all the twelve Houſes of Heaven, where he will be able to gueſs who has it, as well as the beſt Aſtrologer of them all; and then he who has it, will be oblig'd to give it back with great Confuſion and Puniſhment of his Perſon.* And what's this here? *A Memorandum for* Mercury, *to give to* Cleopatra, *from* Juno, *the Receipt which is within this*

folded Paper; to get Children, and to be deliver'd of them with as great Pleasure as she conceives them, and to bring what follows. Hey day! to bring? I'll do't immediately, but stay a little. First a Parrot, that can sing all Homer's Iliads. A Raven, that can dispute and harangue on all Subjects. A Magpye, that understands all the Precepts of Philosophy. A Monkey, that plays at Nine-Pins. An Ape, to hold her Looking-Glass in a Morning when she dresses herself. A Venice Looking-Glass, the largest that can be had. Musk, Cerusse, a Gross of Spectacles, and perfum'd Gloves. The Chain of precious Stones which makes up the Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles, or a hundred new Novels. Ovid of the Art of Love; and six Pair of Ebony Crutches. May I never go up to Heaven again, if I do any one of them. And there's her Memorandum and Receipt all in pieces, let her go seek another Valet than me, in the D---l's Name. How were it possible for me to carry up all this Baggage? These same Women wou'd have one do a thousand Services for them, as if one was oblig'd to them; but the Devil a one of them says, Come, Mercury, there's Money for you to buy a Hat. And now what's this? A Memorandum for Mercury, to tell Cupid from his Mother Venus (Ha, ha! is that you, Venus? You shall be obeyed, upon my Soul) as soon as he can, that he go and trick and deceive these Vestals, who think themselves so wise and prudent, to remonstrate to them a little their unhappy Folly and Temerity; and that for this End, he addres himself to Somnus, who will willingly lend him his Youths, with whom he shall go in the Night to these same Vestals, and make them feel and like that in Sleep, which they are always railing at while awake; and that he listen carefully to their secret Regrets and Remorses, to give him all the News at length, and as soon as possible. Item, to tell these Ladies, and little Misses, that they don't forget their Masks, when they go thro' the Town; for they are very fit for those that wou'd laugh at and mock the World, without being perceiv'd by any. Item, to mind these young Damsels, to water their Gardens, in a Drought; and that they go not to Bed so early, till they have receiv'd and given the Good-Night to their Sparks, and Gallants; and that they be sure not to put on their Head-Cloaths, without a Looking-Glass, and that they learn

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and get by Heart all the new Songs. That they be kind, courteous, and loving to their Admirers; that they have a great many Yes's *in their Eyes, and many* No's *in their Mouth:* And that *above all Things, they take a great deal of Intreaty; at leaſt, that they don't ſoon declare their Minds by Words; and alſo that they diſſemble as much as they can, for that is all the Good on't.* Well, I ſha'n't fail, if I can meet with *Cupid.* What? More Commiſſions? Ha! That is my Lady *Minerva.* I know her Hand-Writing perfectly well. On my Conſcience, I wou'd not baulk her, to loſe my Immortality. *A Memorandum to* Mercury, *to tell the Poets from* Minerva, *that they write no more one againſt another, or ſhe will diſown them; for ſhe neither loves nor approves, in any wiſe, that Method; and that they no longer amuze themſelves ſo with vain Lyes, as not to regard the profitable Science of Truth: And that, if they will write of Love, they do it in the moſt decent, chaſte and divine Manner poſſible, and like her. Moreover, to enquire if the Poet* Pindar *has yet publiſh'd any thing, and to get whatever he hath written; and to bring whatever he can find of the Pieces of the Painters call'd* Zeuxis, Parrhaſius, *and others of that time, if it was only of Embroidery, Tapeſtry, and Patterns of Needle-Work. And to advertiſe the whole Company of the Nine* Muſes, *that they beware of a Multitude of People, who make their Court to them, pretending to ſerve and love them, but that is only for a time, in order to acquire the Fame and Name of Poets, and that by their Means (as of all other things, whereby they know how to ſerve themſelves) they may get Acceſs to* Plutus, *thro' whoſe Riches the* Muſes *have often ſeen themſelves deſpis'd and abandon'd, and therefore ſhould take Care for the future.*

Cupid. Who's that there? Ha! your Servant *Mercury,* is that you? Pray what News? What good Tidings from above in your Celeſtial Court? Is *Jupiter* ſtill amorous?

Mercury. Amorous! Yes, by the D--l. He does not meddle much that way at preſent; but the Remembrance of his Amours is now very troubleſome and uneaſy to him.

Cupid. Why ſo?

Mercury. Becauſe theſe Rogues of Mortals have made a Book, which I unluckily brought him inſtead of his own, into which he always look'd, when he was about to order any thing to be done, which I went to get bound for him; but it was chang'd. I am now going to have it cry'd by Sound of Trumpet, that ſo if any body has it, he may give it back. He cou'd have eat me for it.

Cupid. I think I heard ſomebody ſpeak of the moſt wonderful Book that ever was, which two Blades are in Poſſeſſion of, by which, (as they ſay) they tell Fortunes, and can gueſs what is to come, as well as ever *Tireſias* did, or the *Oak of Dodona.* Several Aſtrologers wou'd fain have it, or purchaſe a Copy of it. For they ſay, that by the help of it, they cou'd make their *Ephemerides*, *Prognoſtications*, and Almanacks, a great deal more true and exact. Moreover, theſe Sparks promiſe to enrol People in the *Book of Immortality*, for a certain Sum of Money.

Mercury. Indeed? 'sBuddikins, that is the Book, or I'm a Rogue. I am afraid of nothing, but that they inſert in it Uſurers, Grinders of the Poor, Villains, and Thieves, and blot out honeſt People, becauſe they have not wherewithal to bribe them. *Jupiter* will have a fine time on't, by the D---l. And where can I meet with them?

Cupid. I can't inform you; for I am not curious in ſuch Matters. I mind nothing but my little Sports and Pleaſures, and merry Diverſions, and how to entertain theſe young Damſels. To play at hide and ſeek in the little Apartment of their Hearts, which I prick with my light Arrows, to flutter in their little Brains, tickle their tender Fancies, and delicate ſoft Bellies; to ſhew myſelf, and take my Walks before their wanton Eyes; to kiſs and ſuck their vermilion Lips, to ſlide betwixt their little hard Pabbies, from whence I ſteal into the Valley of Pleaſure, where is the Fountain of Youth, in which I play, refreſh and recreate myſelf, and make my happy Abode.

Mercury. Your Mother gave me a Memorandum here, to mind you of ſomewhat. Here you may look into it at your Leiſure, and perform the Contents; for I am in great haſte. Adieu.

Cupid.

Cupid. Very well, very well, 'Squire *Mercury.*

Mercury. s'Bud! you'll pull off my winged Shooes: Let me go, I intreat you, *Cupid*; I am not ſo playſome as you.

Cupid. *Tho' I'm young and in Life's Spring*
Think me not unfit for Man:
I can better do the Thing
Than an older Body can.

Mercury. Ha! you have a good time on't, you are not concern'd whether it rains or ſnows, as our *Jupiter* is, who has loſt his Book that ſhould inform him of ſuch Things.

Cupid. *Tho' it thunder from above,*
As Heav'n and Earth wou'd come together,
Still it ſhall go well with Love:
Lovers ſtill ſhall have good Weather.

Mercury. Yes, yes, all goes well with us.

Cupid. Who is that pretty Girl, I ſee below in an Orchard all alone? Is not ſhe in Love yet? I muſt look her in the Face. No; and yet I know that her Admirer dyes for Love of her. Ha! you ſhall be in Love, fair Lady, without Mercy, before I go three Paces.

Celia. O Ingrate, that I am! What Pain is he in at this Minute, for Love of me? Now I know (but alas! it is too late) that the Power of Love is wonderfully Great, and that none can eſcape the Vengeance of it. Am not I much to blame, thus to deſpiſe and deny him who loves me ſo much, even more than he does himſelf? Shall I always be as inſenſible as a Statue of Marble? Shall I always live thus without Society? Alas! 'tis all to be laid at my Door; 'tis my Fault and fooliſh Fancy alone. Ha! my little Birds, how well you ſing, and teach me my Leſſon! How good a Mother Nature is, thus to teach me by your little Songs, and Play, that all Creatures muſt have their Mates! I wou'd only make one Requeſt to you, and that is, that you importune me no more by your little Gibberidge; for I too well underſtand what you mean; and that you no more ſhew me the bewitching Spectacle of your amorous Encounters.

ters. That can never comfort me, but rather make me eſteem myſelf the moſt unhappy Creature in the World. Alas! When will my Dear come again? I'm afraid, I have been ſo ill-natur'd and ſavage to him, that he'll never return any more! He will, if he lov'd me as much, or continues yet to love me as much as I love him at preſent. I long extremely to ſee him. If ever he comes again, I'll be more civil to him, and give him a kinder Welcome, a more favourable Reception, and better Treatment than ever I did hitherto.

Cupid. Now the good Lady is in a right Temper; ſhe has got what ſhe wanted.

Mercury. Is not this a hard Caſe? whether I come to the Earth, or return to Heaven; the World, and the Gods always ask me, whether I have heard any News. One wou'd need an Ocean, to fiſh freſh News for them every Day. I'll tell you; that the World may forge ſome, and that I may have ſome to carry up with me, I am going, this Minute, to make that Horſe there ſpeak to his Groom. This will be News, or the Devil's in't. *Gargabonado, Phorbantas, Sarmotoragos.* O, what have I done? I had almoſt ſpoke aloud the Words which muſt be pronounc'd to make Beaſts ſpeak. I am very fooliſh, when I think on't. If I had ſaid all, and if any body here had heard me, he might have got that Science.

Phlegon. Time was when Beaſts ſpoke. But if Speech had been preſerv'd to us, as well as it was to you, you ſhou'd not have found us ſuch Beaſts as you make us.

Statius. What the D----l's to do here? Z----ds, my Horſe ſpeaks!

Phlegon. Yes, to be ſure, I ſpeak: And wherefore not? You Men (becauſe Speech has been preſerv'd to you alone, and we poor Beaſts have no Intelligence among ourſelves, becauſe we cannot ſpeak) know well how to uſurp Authority and Command over us, and not only ſay of us whatever you pleaſe, but alſo get upon our Backs, whip us and ſpur us: We muſt carry you, we muſt cloathe you, we muſt feed you, you ſell us, you kill us, you eat us; and whence comes all this? This comes only from our Want of Speech. But if We could ſpeak, and tell our Reaſon, you are ſo Humane, or at leaſt you ought to be ſo, that after hearing

us

us ſpeak, you would treat us after another manner, or elſe I'm miſtaken.

Statius. 'sB----d! There never was ſo ſtrange a Thing heard of as this. Good People, come and hear this Wonder, I intreat you, or elſe you won't believe it; Z-----ds! my Horſe ſpeaks!

Ardelio. What's yonder to do? Why do the People run and meet in ſuch Crowds? I muſt go and ſee what's the matter there.

Statius. Doſt not know, *Ardelio*? s'Buddikins! my Horſe ſpeaks!

Ardelio. Say'ſt thou ſo? That's wonderful indeed! But what ſays he?

Statius. I don't know, for I'm ſo amaz'd to hear Words come from ſuch a Mouth, that I underſtand nothing he ſays.

Ardelio. Have Courage, and let us hear him diſcourſe a little. Keep back, Gentlemen, if you pleaſe, make room; you'll ſee as well at a diſtance, as near at hand.

Statius. But now what doſt mean, pretty Beaſt, by thy talking?

Phlegon. Good People, ſince *Mercury* has been pleas'd to reſtore my Speech, and ſince you are pleas'd to ſpare ſo much time from your Affairs, to come and hear the Cauſe of ſuch a poor Animal as I am; you muſt know, that this Groom of mine gives me all the hard Uſage poſſible, and not only beats me, ſpurs me, and lets me die of Hunger, but ----------

Statius. I let you die of Hunger?

Phlegon. Yes, you let me die of Hunger,

Statius. s'Death! you lye, and if you maintain this, I'll cut your Throat, Egad.

Ardelio. You ſhall not do it, by the D--l; wou'd you be ſo bold as to kill a Horſe that ſpeaks? He is to be made a Preſent of to King *Ptolemy*; and will be the fineſt ever was made: And I tell you freely, all the Treaſure of *Cræſus* cou'd not purchaſe him. Therefore, conſider well what you do, and touch not a Hair of him, if you are wiſe.

Statius. Why do's he ſay what's not true then?

Phlegon. Don't you remember, that laſt time you receiv'd Money, to defray the Charges of four Horſes of us, that you made your Account thus? *You have abun-*

dance

dance of Hay and Straw, eat heartily of them, you ſhall have only ſo much Oats, the reſt ſhall be to go and feaſt with my Miſtreſs.

Statius. Thou hadſt better never ſpoke; never trouble thyſelf.

Phlegon. I am not concern'd a Straw for all this. But when I meet with a Mare, in that Month when we are in Love (which happens only once a Year) he will not let me mount her, tho' I let him get upon me ſo many times a Day. You Men wou'd have one Law for yourſelves, and another for your Neighbours. You are very well contented to take all your natural Pleaſures, but you will not let others take them, namely us Beaſts. How often have I ſeen thee bring thy Doxies into the Stable to lie with thee? How often have I been oblig'd to be a Witneſs of thy fine Management? I wou'd not deſire you to let me bring Mares into the Stable for myſelf, as you bring your Doxies: But when we go into the Fields, you might allow me to give one little Stroke at leaſt, in the Seaſon. He has rid me theſe ſix Years, and yet he has not allow'd me to ride ſo much as once in all that time.

Ardelio. Egad! Thou art in the right Friend; thou art the moſt gentle Horſe, and the nobleſt Beaſt that ever was ſeen. Hold there. I have a Mare at thy Service. I will lend her thee with all my Heart, becauſe thou art a good Fellow, and haſt a mind to her. Thou ſhalt do with her as thou wilt; and for my part, I ſhou'd be very glad and well pleas'd to have ſome of thy Poſterity; if it were but to have it to ſay; that, *this is of the Race of the Horſe that ſpoke.*

Statius. s'Buddikins! I'll take care to prevent that, ſince you have been ſo forward in ſpeaking. Come, come along, think of trotting briskly, and don't play the Jade, if you are wiſe, leſt I drive you on with this Stick.

Ardelio. Adieu, adieu, I ſee you are heartily vex'd at what the Horſe told you.

Statius. s'Death! I'll fit him ſoundly for it, when I get him to the Stable, let him be as good a Speech-Maker as he will.

Ardelio. I ſhou'd never have believ'd a Horſe cou'd ſpeak, if I had not both heard and ſeen it. This Horſe is worth a hundred thouſand Crowns! He cannot be valu'd

valu'd too much. I'll go and tell the Story to Mr. *Cerdonius*, who will not forget to put it into his Annals.

Mercury. Here is ſome News already, or I'm miſtaken. I'm glad there was ſo goodly a Company, bleſs'd be G---, who have both heard and ſeen the Adventure. The Noiſe of it will be thro' the whole Town preſently. Somebody will put it into Writing, and perhaps add ſomething of his own to it, to enrich the Story. I'm ſure I'll find a Copy of it to be ſold preſently at the *Bookſellers*. In the mean time, till ſome other News come, I'll go about my Commiſſions, and eſpecially to ſeek for the City Trumpet, to cry if any Perſon has found that Devil of a Book.

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CYMBALUM MUNDI.

The Fourth DIALOGUE.

ACTÆON's Dogs.

The Argument.

TWO Dogs *which formerly belong'd to* Actæon, *discourse of the Differences between a publick and a private Life, and of the foolish Curiosity of Men for new and uncommon Things.*

Hylactor,

Hylactor and *Pamphagus*.

Hylactor. WERE it the good Pleaſure of *Anubis*, that I might find a Dog, that could talk, underſtand, and hold a Diſcourſe like me, how wou'd I rejoice! For I am not inclin'd to venture to ſpeak but to my Equals. And yet I am very ſure, that if I ſhould ſay the leaſt Word before Men, I ſhou'd be the happieſt Dog ever was. I know no Prince or King in this World, that wou'd be worthy to have me; conſidering the Value every body would have for me. If I had only ſaid thus much in any Company of People, the Fame of it ſhou'd have reach'd the *Indies* by this time; and it ſhou'd have been ſaid: *In ſuch a Place there is a Dog that ſpeaks.* People wou'd have come from all the Quarters of the World to that Place, and given Money to ſee me, and hear me ſpeak. There ſhould alſo have been thoſe who wou'd have got their Bread by telling of my Manners and Diſcourſes in diſtant and foreign Countries. I don't believe there was ever ſeen any thing more marvelous, more curious, or more entertaining. However, I ſhall be very careful of ſaying any thing before Men, till I have firſt found ſome Dog, that can ſpeak like myſelf; for it is not poſſible, but that there muſt be ſuch a one in the World beſides. I am very certain, that the leaſt Word cou'd not ſlip from me, but all the World wou'd run after me to hear more. And perhaps, on this Account, I ſhou'd be worſhip'd in *Greece*; ſo curious are Men of Novelties! But yet I have ſaid nothing, nor ſhall I ſay any thing among Men; till I find ſome Dog to talk with me. Nevertheleſs, 'tis a great Pain to keep ſilence, eſpecially for thoſe who have a great deal to ſay, as I have! But, I may talk when I am alone, and when I ſee that no-body hears me. I fall

a talking

a talking to myſelf whatever lies on my Heart, and thus give vent to the Flux of my Belly (I wou'd ſay of my Tongue) without drenching the World. And very often as I walk the Streets, when every body is a Bed, I call, for my Diverſion, ſome of our Neighbours by their Name, and make them look out at the Window, and cry a full Hour, *who's there?* After they have cry'd their fill, and no-body anſwers, they are angry, and I laugh. And when my good Companions, the Dogs, aſſemble to ſaunter up and down the Street, I come in among them, and talk liberally to them, to ſee if I can find any among them that underſtands me, and can ſpeak like myſelf. For this wou'd be a great Conſolation, and the thing in the World which I deſire moſt earneſtly. Now when we play together, and bite one another, I always whiſper ſomething in their Ear, calling them by their Names and Surnames, and asking them whether they can ſpeak, which they are as much aſtoniſh'd, as if Horns ſprung out of their Heads. For when they find this, they know not whether to think me a Man diſguiz'd into a Dog, or a Dog that ſpeaks. And that I may always be ſaying ſomething, and never ceaſe from ſpeaking, I fall a crying, *Murder, Murder, good People, Murder.* Then all the Neighbours wake, and come to the Windows. But when they ſee, that it is only a Jeſt, they go to Bed again. This done, I paſs to another Street, and cry as loud as I can, *Thieves, Thieves, the Shops are rifling.* While they are a getting out of Bed, I go a little farther, and when I have paſs'd a Turning of the Street, I begin to cry, *Fire, Fire, ther's fire in your Houſe.* Immediately you ſhall ſee them all jump out in the Street, ſome with a Shirt on, others ſtark naked; the Women with their Hair about their Ears, crying, *Where is't, where is't?* And when they have been long enough in this Sweat, and ſearch'd, and look'd about every where, they find at laſt, it was nothing, and then they return to their Affairs again, and ſleep ſecurely. After I have put an End to all the Follies of my Lucubrations, and *Attick Nights*, to the Chapter *Qui ſunt leves & importuni Loquutores*, the better to go thro' the reſt of my Fancies, a little before Day-break, I tranſport myſelf into the Sheep-folds, to play the Wolf in the Straw; or, I go and pull up ſome young Trees not well rooted,

or

or diſorder and mix out Fiſhers Lines; or put Bones and Stones, in place of the Treaſure that *Pygarus* the Uſurer hid in the Field; or I go and p--ſs in the Potters-Pots, and ſn--te in his pretty Veſſels; and if by chance, I meet the Watch, I bite two or three of them for my Diverſion, and then run away as faſt as I can, crying, *Let him catch me that can.* But notwithſtanding all this, I am not a little vex'd, that I cannot find a Companion to hold Diſcourſe with me. Nevertheleſs, I am in good Hopes of finding one, if there is any ſuch in the World. Yonder goes *Gargilius*, with all his Dogs, to the Hunting. I'll go and play with them, in order to find whether there's any in all that Pack that can ſpeak. God bleſs the Company, God bleſs the Spaniel, my Friend; God bleſs my Companion, the Gray-Hound. Yes, yes, they are all mute; the D----l a word can one have from any one of them. Is it not pity? Since it is ſo, that I can't find one that can anſwer me, I wiſh I knew ſome Poyſon, or Herb, that wou'd take away my Speech, and render me mute as well as they; then ſhou'd I be much happier, than thus to languiſh of a miſerable Deſire of Speaking, and not find Ears fit to hear what I have to ſay, ſuch, I mean, as I would have. And thou, Neighbour, canſt thou ſay nothing? Speak to Beaſts! Say, hé, Maſtiff, don't thou ſpeak?

Pamphagus. Whom do you call Maſtiff? You Maſtiff you.

Hylactor. Ha! my Companion, my Friend, I ask your Pardon, if you pleaſe, and prithee take me about the Neck. Thou art he whom I have the moſt earneſtly deſir'd and ſought for in the World. And here's a Leap for *Diana*'s Sake, who has made me ſo happy in this Chaſe, by finding what I wanted. And there's another for thee, gentle *Anubis*, and this for *Cerberus*, who guards Hell. Tell me thy Name, if thou pleaſe.

Pamphagus. My Name is *Pamphagus.*

Hylactor. Art thou *Pamphagus* then, my Friend, my Couſin? Then thou knoweſt *Hylactor* well?

Pamphagus. Yes, be ſure, I know *Hylactor* well. Prithee where is he?

Hylactor. I am he.

Pamphagus. Upon thy Faith? In good Faith, *Hylactor*, my Friend, I did not remember thee, for one of

thy Ears is cropt, and there is I don't know what Scar upon thy Brow, which thou didſt not uſe to have; how didſt come by that?

Hylactor. Prithee don't be ſo inquiſitive, 'tis not worth ſpeaking of; let us talk of other matters, where haſt been? What haſt done ever ſince we loſt our good Maſter *Actæon*?

Pamphagus. Oh! the great Misfortune! Thou reneweſt my Sorrows. Ah! I loſt a great deal by his Death, my Friend *Hylactor*; for I was well fed then, whereas now I die of Hunger.

Hylactor. Upon my Soul, we had a good time on't, now I think on't. That ſame *Actæon* was a very good Man, and a true Gentleman, for he lov'd Dogs well. No-body durſt beat the leaſt of us, whatever we did; and beſides that, we were well treated; all that we could take either in the Kitchin, Cupboard, or elſewhere, was ours, and no-body durſt beat, or ſo much as touch us; for he had order'd it ſo, that we might be liberally brought up.

Pamphagus. Alas! 'tis true. The Maſter whom I ſerve now is no ſuch Man. There is much Difference, by my Conſcience; for he does not concern himſelf about us, and his Servants for the moſt part give us nothing to eat. And as often as they find us in the Kitchin, they hout and harr us, they threaten us, they chaſe us away, they beat us, ſo that we are worſe bruis'd and torn than old Villains.

Hylactor. That is the Caſe, *Pamphagus*, but you muſt have Patience. The beſt Remedy that I know for preſent Griefs, is to forget paſt Joys, in hopes of better. On the contrary, the Remembrance of paſt Ills, without Fear of their Return, or of worſe, makes the preſent Good reliſh a great deal better. I'll tell you what we ſhall do now, my Couſin *Pamphagus*, let them run after the Hare, and let thee and I go out of the way a little, to diſcourſe at our Leiſure.

Pamphagus. With all my Heart: But we muſt not tarry long.

Hylactor. As ſhort time as you pleaſe. Perhaps we ſhall not meet for a long time again. I ſhou'd be very glad to tell thee many Things, and hear the like from thee. We are very well here; they'll never ſee us in this

his little Wood; beſides, their Game comes not this way. In the mean while, I'd gladly ask thee, if thou knoweſt the reaſon why thou and I ſpeak, and all other Dogs are dumb: For I cou'd never yet find any one that cou'd ſpeak a Word, except thyſelf; and I have ſeen a great many in my time.

Pamphagus. Doſt not know? I am juſt going to tell thee. Thou remember'ſt well when our Companions *Melancheres*, *Theridamas*, and *Dreſitrophus* fell upon *Actæon* their good Maſter and ours, whom *Diana* had juſt then turn'd into a Stag, and we alſo ran upon him, and bit him ſo heartily, that he died on the ſpot. Thou muſt know, as I found afterwards by I don't know what Book, that is in our Houſe----------

Hylactor. How! Canſt thou read then? Where didſt learn that?

Pamphagus. I'll tell thee that afterwards, but hear this firſt. Thou muſt know, that when each of us made our Efforts to worry him, by chance I bit him in the Tongue, which he put out of his Mouth, ſo that I carried away a good Piece of it, which I ſwallow'd. Now the Story ſays, this was the Cauſe of my ſpeaking, 'tis literally true; for thus *Diana* would have it. But becauſe I have not yet ſpoken before Men, this is look'd upon as a Fable. Nevertheleſs, they are always in ſearch of the Dogs which eat of the Tongue of *Actæon the Stag*; for the Book ſays, there are two of them, of which I am one.

Hylactor. s'Buddikins! then I am the other; for I remember I eat a good Gobbet of his Tongue. But I ſhou'd never have dreamt, That that was the Cauſe of my ſpeaking.

Pamphagus. I can aſſure thee, my Friend *Hylactor*, 'tis ſo as I tell thee, for I ſaw it written.

Hylactor. Thou art very happy thus to read of thyſelf in Books, where one ſees ſo many good Things. How fine Paſtime muſt that be! would to God *Diana* had made me underſtand as much as thou doſt.

Pamphagus. And would to God I knew not ſo much as I do; for, what ſerves Reading or Speaking either to a Dog? A Dog ſhou'd know nothing elſe, but to bark at Strangers, keep the Houſe from Thieves, fawn on his Acquaintance, go to hunting, run after a Hare,

and catch her; gnaw Bones, lick the Diſhes, and follow his Maſter.

Hylactor. 'Tis true. But yet 'tis good to underſtand ſomething elſe; for one knows not what Company he may be in. But how comes it, that you have not yet diſcover'd your Faculty of Speech?

Pamphagus. No.

Hylactor. And why?

Pamphagus. Becauſe I don't care to do it. I like better to hold my Tongue.

Hylactor. And yet thou know'ſt very well, that if thou wou'dſt ſpeak, not only all the Town would come to hear thee ſpeak, wondering and taking Pleaſure to ſee thee; but likewiſe the whole Country round, and People from all Corners of the World wou'd come to ſee and hear thee ſpeak. Doſt thou think nothing of ten Millions of Ears about thee to hear thee, and as many Eyes to look thee in the Face?

Pamphagus. I know all that very well. But what elſe ſhou'd I get by it? Let me tell thee, I am not fond of the Glory of talking: For beſides that it wou'd be a Pain to me, I ſhou'd be oblig'd to hold Diſcourſe, and anſwer all the Impertinences of the moſt pitiful Scoundrel. I ſhou'd be coop'd up in a Chamber, I know very well I ſhou'd be waſh'd, comb'd, cloth'd, worſhip'd, adorn'd, and dandled. To be ſhort, I am fully convinc'd, that I ſhou'd be made live in a manner, that is not ſuitable to the Nature and Diſpoſition of a Dog: But ----------

Hylactor. And wou'dſt thou not be content for a little to live after the manner of Men?

Pamphagus. After the manner of Men! I ſwear by the three Heads of *Cerberus*, that I like better to be ſtill what I am, than to reſemble Men more in their miſerable way of living, if it was for nothing elſe but the eternal Clack I ſhou'd be oblig'd to keep with them.

Hylactor. I am not of thy Mind. 'Tis true, I have never yet ſpoke before them. But unleſs I had taken it in my Head firſt to find out a Companion that could ſpeak to me, I ſhou'd not have been ſo ſcrupulous of ſaying ſomething to them; for then I ſhou'd have liv'd better, more honourably, and more magnificently. My

Word

Word ſhou'd have been preferr'd to that of all Mankind, tho' I ſay it, that ſhou'd not ſay it: For I ſhou'd no ſooner have open'd my Mouth to ſpeak, but ſilence wou'd have been commanded, in order to hear me. They are ſoon weary of Things preſent, common, familiar, and certain; and always put a greater Value on Things abſent, new, ſtrange, and impoſſible: And they are ſo fooliſhly curious, that if a little Feather ſhou'd riſe from the Earth ever ſo little, they wou'd be all as much aſtoniſh'd, as they are at the greateſt Wonder.

Pamphagus. There is nothing more true, than that Men are weary of hearing one another ſpeak, and wou'd rather hear ſomething from any thing elſe, than from themſelves. But conſider, that in the long run, they wou'd be weary of hearing thee alſo. A Preſent is never ſo fine and pleaſant, as at the Minute it is made; and the pretty Compliments that accompany it make it acceptable. One of us never has ſo much Pleaſure with *Liciſca*, as the firſt time he lines her. A Necklace is never ſo new, as the firſt Day it is put on. For Time renders all Things old, and wears off the Grace and Beauty of Novelty. If once Men had heard Dogs ſpeak a pretty while, they would alſo deſire to hear the Speech of Cats, Cows, Goats, Sheep, Aſſes, Swine, Fleas, Birds, Fiſhes, and all other Animals. And then what ſhou'd one get, when he had ſaid all? If thou conſider'ſt well, it had been better for thee never to have ſpoke, than to have ſaid all thou had'ſt to ſay.

Hylactor. But now I cannot long refrain from ſpeaking.

Pamphagus. I'm govern'd entirely by thee. Thou ſhalt be greatly admir'd for a Time. Thou ſhalt be very much valu'd, thou ſhalt eat of the beſt, thou ſhalt be every way well ſerv'd, except that one won't ſay to thee, *what Wine d'ye pleaſe to have, Sir?* For I fancy thou doſt not drink Wine. For the reſt, thou ſhalt have whatever thou calleſt for; but thou ſhalt not be in that Liberty thou wou'dſt deſire: For thou wilt frequently be oblig'd to ſpeak when thou haſt a mind to ſleep and take thy Reſt. And then, I don't know but that in the end, they will be weary of thee. But it is time to go home. Let us go then; but we muſt

ſeem

ſeem to have run with all our Speed, and to be out of Breath.

Hylactor. What's that there I ſee on the Road?

Pamphagus. 'Tis a Pacquet of Letters that ſome-body has dropt.

Hylactor. Prithee open it up, and ſee what's in't; ſince thou canſt read.

Pamphagus. *To the ſuperior Antipodes.*

Hylactor. *To the ſuperior Antipodes!* I expect ſome News from that.

Pamphagus. *The inferior Antipodes to the ſuperior Antipodes.*

Hylactor. Good God! How far they are come!

Pamphagus. *Gentlemen Antipodes, from a Deſire of holding Correſpondence, and entering into Society with you, in order to learn your agreeable way of living, as well as to communicate ours to you, by the Counſel and Direction of the Stars, we have caus'd ſome of our People to paſs thro' the Center of the Earth, with a Deſign to go and make you a Viſit. But you, perceiving this, have ſtopt up the Hole on your Side, ſo that they are forc'd to remain in the Bowels of the Earth. Now we pray you, that it may be your good Pleaſure to grant them free Paſſage, otherwiſe we ſhall ſend you ſuch Multitudes on every ſide, that you ſhall not know whither to run: So that what we ask for Grace and Love, you ſhall be conſtrain'd by Force to grant, to your great Shame and Confuſion; and ſo Adieu, your good Friends,*

The inferior Antipodes.

There's News for you.

Hylactor. 'sDeath! wonderful News.

Pamphagus. Hark; ſome-body calls me. I muſt be gone. We'll read the reſt of the Letters another time.

Hylactor. But where wilt thou put them? Hide them in ſome Hole of this *Pyramid*, and cover them with a Stone: 'Twill be impoſſible to find them there; and then ſome time this Day, if we're at Leiſure, or to Morrow, which is a ſolemn Feaſt, we ſhall come and read them out; for I am in great Hopes of finding ſome good News in them. I will likewiſe tell thee

ſome

ſome pretty Fables I have formerly heard; as *the Fable of* Prometheus, *the Fable of the Great* Hercules *of* Lybia, *the Fable of the Judgment of* Paris, *the Fable of* Sappho, *the Fable of* Erus, *who roſe from the dead, and the Song of* Ricochet, if perhaps you have not heard them.

Pamphagus. You need not tell me ſuch Things: I am converſant in all theſe Matters. Prithee make haſte, and let us be ſilent, leſt our People, who are hard-by, hear us talk.

Hylactor. Shall I never ſpeak, then? Yes, I ſhall, by *Diana*, if I was once at home: For I can hold no longer. Farewel then.

Pamphagus. But prithee don't forget to gape well, and put out thy Tongue, that thou may'ſt ſeem to have run faſt. That fooliſh *Hylactor* can't forbear ſpeaking, that the World may talk of him. He ſhall not have ſaid three Words, but Multitudes will flock about him, and the Noiſe of it run thro' the Town in a Minute; ſo curious and talkative are Men about new and uncommon Things.

THE END.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

THE END.